THE POETRY REVIEW

33 PORTMAN SQUARE, LONDON W.1

EDITED BY JOHN GAWSWORTH, F.R.S.L.

No. 4 **AUGUST-SEPTEMBER, 1949** Vol. XL

★

CONTENTS:

POETRY PAGE

Carnival: Robert Armstrong 237
The Seed: T. M. Auld 237
Once: Constance Bennett 238
Lost Meaning: Freda C. Bond 238
My Company: J. T. Brockway 239
The Donkey: Clare Cameron 239
The Choice: William Clarke 240
Siesta of a Faun (Mallarmé): Ithell Colquhoun 240
Night Song: Dorian Cooke 243
My Animal: Yorke Crompton 244
The Midnight Reader: Rosemary Dobson 245
Sonnet: Peter Donne 246
On Certain Combative Vegetarians: W. A. B. Gardener 246
The Passage: Winifred Gérin 246
With a Rose, given him: John Godley 247
Anacreon's Grave: Michael Hamburger 248
La Baigneuse: Charles Higham 248
Gypsy Poet (Rimbaud): Brian Hill 248
The Reckoning: Brian Merrikin Hill 249
Mortality: J. K. G. Hoffman 249
Blind Paragon: David Hogg 250
History: Mark Holloway 251
Take Not the Grace Away: Wrenne Jarman 251
Unicorn: Elizabeth Jennings 252
On the Edward Thomas Memorial: Ralph Lawrence 253
My Friend, My Enemy: Philip Lindsay 253

PAGE

Passing By: Edward Lowbury 253

Conscripts: David Marcus 254

By a River: Beatrice Mayor 254

The Solitary Rider: George Moor 255

Scheme: Merton Naydler 256

Hill Town, Italy, 1944: W. G. R. Oates 256

Love's Images: Gilbert Phelps 256

Values were Veiled: Peter Russell 257

Images of Childhood: Peter Simmons 258

Problem Landscape: Sydney Snell 259

Citadels: Gordon Symes 259

Peers: Arthur Vivian 261

Prelude to the Dance: Raymond Ward 261

To a Rose: Jon Wynne-Tyson 262

PROSE

Sir Walter Scott: Thirteen New Poems? edited by W. M. Parker .. 263

Poetry in Australasia (iii) by Philip Lindsay 276

From Pushkin to Pasternak by John Waller 281

Three Americans by G. S. Fraser 284

Moo! Moo! or Ye Olde Newe Awarenesse by Roy Campbell 287

Shorter Reviews by Randall Swingler, Austin Clarke, Oswell Blakeston, and Alice Hunt Bartlett 292

Letters to the Editor 298

The 1948 Greenwood Prize "Second Selection" by Maurice Carpenter .. 300

The Love-lyric Award by Dr. Leigh Henry 303

Announcements 311

LONDON COLLEGE OF MUSIC

Incorporated

GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET, LONDON, W.1

Director—Dr. H. BROMLEY-DERRY, M.V.O., Mus.D. Dublin, Mus.B. Oxon et Dunelm, F.S.A.

Elocution, Speech-training, Poetry-reading and all kindred Subjects form an important section of the College curriculum.

The College provides complete Courses in all Musical Subjects and in Elocution and Speech-training leading to the Licentiate Teacher's Diploma, which is recognised by the Ministry of Education for qualified teacher status in Primary and Secondary Schools.

Scholarships and Local Exhibitions are offered annually.

The examinations Syllabus covers all grades from Preliminary to Advanced Senior, also the Diplomas of Associate, Licentiate and Fellow.

Teaching Prospectus and Syllabus of the Examinations may be had from THE SECRETARY.

CARNIVAL

ROBERT ARMSTRONG

Oh, you who stand forever as my summer
When other days brook only winter's fears,
The ghost of memory strays, a silent mummer,
Among the pageantry of present years:
And Hamlet-wise, in wistfulness I listen
To shattered laughter in a gay parade,
Then see again a sudden dagger glisten
To brand a fool who would not boast a blade.

Defenceless, yet defended by lost caring,
Forgotten anguish fingers at my heart;
Painless and numb, yet pained beyond repairing,
A tutored jester strides a sterner part,
Pausing in silence as the echoes throng
To mock in counterpoint his crippled song.

THE SEED

T. M. AULD

The last low breath is taken
Time turns the sand-glass round,
The earth that seems forsaken
In distant fields has found
A new seed in the ground.

The life that breathed a blessing
Upon the quiet air
Has gone beyond our guessing
To some green valley where
A flower will blow, more fair.

Sweep this, the dead leaf lying,
From Time's untidied room;
There is no pale ghost sighing
Beside a stone-stark tomb.
The seed stirs in the womb.

ONCE

CONSTANCE BENNETT

Oh, once I raised a temple, wrought a god;
And so fell blind and deaf to human pleas.
I stumble darkly now, where then I trod
Airy as April, with a Maytime ease.

Along the heedless shore of time to roam,
Bound to my love as sea-mite to its shell;
And in this hollow longing make my home
Who once strewed flowers, sang songs and loved life well.

LOST MEANING

FREDA C. BOND

Suddenly meaning flooded the meadows, invading
The passive vernal fields as if a dyke had broken;
Trees, so long content to be a pattern of branches,
Stood listening to the echo of something spoken,
Spoken a moment since. The roads, no longer
White strands threading the green, began to throb, to quiver
With purpose, to point to the unassailed horizon,
While deep in the murmuring rushes the dark-skinned river
Pulsated with knowledge.

Oh innocent cheats, road, trees and river!
There is no message now, no meaning, no voice spoke.
Only the curve of the hill, the light falling so
On the ploughed furrows, on the budding elm trees, woke
An echo, a ghost of a meaning that long ago
Flooded the meadows, and still, half comprehended,
Sheds its pale lustre on these fields—for though
The moon is dead, yet none the less she lights
The wayfarer on winter nights.

MY COMPANY

J. T. BROCKWAY

Not beautiful, who to no purpose died,
Whom men now call the Lovely and the Dead.
I knew their sweat, their gall, laid down my head
Beneath the same cold stars while tigers cried,
And war crept through the jungle, jackal-eyed.

Not beautiful, nor brave: each strove to hide
That ghost of fear, his vulnerability,
The fragile pearl of his humanity,
Within a shell of ribaldry and pride—
Lest his next neighbour witness—and deride.

Unwilling Icarus, one fell in flame,
Loved by the Press, detested by his men.
Beribboned, one would talk, not knowing when
To stop, wove fantasies about his fame
And lost all hearts: known by a whispered name.

One read his death in every slow sunrise,
Made of his fear a magnet to invite
The certain bullet. Vigilant one night,
I watched while fever mouthed his last goodbyes,
Saw Fear, his smiling Lord, put out his eyes.

Not beautiful, my ghostly company
Whom strangers call the Lovely and the Dead:
Their banned humanity broke out like red
Accusing stigmata that fester now in me,
Are my war wounds, my bitter legacy.

THE DONKEY

CLARE CAMERON

The donkey is back in the field, my darling,
After so long and so long.
Does he come now to heal the hurt
And right the imagined wrong?

Remember how in the summer time
Whenever we passed that way,
We turned to each other, and smiling brought
Him into our lover-like play?

Docile he was, in his furry coat,
So humble, we used to speak
Of Christ who was carried upon an ass,
And the dignity of the meek.

Winter came with frost to my breast.
The emerald field was bare.
And I forgot the little grey beast
That always used to be there.

Though we may never travel again
Together in laughter and song,
The donkey is back in the field, my darling,
After so long and so long.

THE CHOICE

WILLIAM CLARKE

My book of verse complete, I laid
It in her hands. She never read
A word, for at the window where
She stood she heard a blackbird clear:

And that she loved me, and to wound
Me so was furthest from her mind,
I never doubted—for I knew
Where I would choose between the two.

SIESTA OF A FAUN

An Eclogue of Stéphane Mallarmé

TRANSLATED BY

ITHELL COLQUHOUN

The Faun:

I would eternalise those nymphs
So light
Their delicate flesh-tints that they seemed to shimmer
In drowsy breath like air-borne tufts of down.

Loved I a dream?
My doubts, heaped up by age-long
Slumber, are wafted off in branches slender
To sight and touch, saying, alas! I am
Alone indeed and offer to myself
As trophy but a fancied rosy shower.

Let's think—
What if those nymphs whom you reproach
Only give body to your myth-dazed senses!
Yes, Faun, see how enchantment gently slides
From the chaste one's eyes, as weeping water-spring
Cold-blue: all sighs, that other, in contrast,
A mid-day breeze hot in your fleece! But no!
Through the still swoon that chokes the chill of dawn
Struggling with later ardours, now there murmurs
No stream but of my flute's serene out-pouring
That dews the copse with concord; the sole air
Beside that hurrying through the double pipe
In waterless shower before the sound disperse,
Is the exalted breath of inspiration
On a horizon ripple-undisturbed
That seeks the empyrean whence it came.
Silent beneath your irridescent flowers
My vain looks breaking up your mirrored sun,
Rehearse, shores of this calm Sicilian mere,
'How once when I was cutting hollow reeds
To shape with art, there on the greenish-gold
Of those far slopes that consecrate their vines
To the spring's source, a rhythmic whiteness stirred
As of some creature sleeping; at the first
Slow utterance of my flute this flight of swans—
No, water-nymphs—scurried away or dived.'

All drowses under tawny noon; unmarked
How swiftly gone such brides from him who seeks
The perfect pitch: so shall I rouse myself
To pristine fervour, single and erect
Beneath an age-old beam of light, a lily!
And foremost of you all for innocence.

With that sweet nothing by their lips divulged,
The kiss deceits affirming in low tone,
My breast, virgin of trial, yet attests
Mysterious biting of an awesome tooth.

But silence! Such a secret chooses only
For confidante my great twin rushes played
Under the azure: turning to their uses
The burning cheek's disquiet, they will muse
In a long solo, mingling lovely scenes
With artless chant; and high as love's own song,
Distil from the accustomed dream of breast
Or pure thigh followed by my clinging gaze,
A clear, monotonous and hopeless theme.

Essay now, sinister Syrinx, O evoker
Of panic, those fair lakes to fledge again
Where you await me! Proud of my renown,
I'll talk long time of goddesses, shadow-girt
And in adoring image draw aside
Their zones; and then, when I have sucked some grapes
Of their bright juices, hastening on regret
Which I had feigned to banish, laugh and raise
To heaven the empty bunch, inflating skins
Translucent, while I crave inebriation,
And stare through them until the sun has set.

Nymphs, let's swell too our memories with life.
'My eye, piercing the reeds, caught deathless shapes
Quenching their fire in the waves with frantic cry
To skies above the forest; glistening showers
Of tresses disappeared amid a gleam
And shiver of jewelled drops. I, running up,
Found at my feet two sleeping girls, their lone
Arms chance-enlaced; bruised and tired out by tasting
The pain of not-being-one. I took them off,
Not parted, to this hillock hedged around
With gaiety of leaves, roses exhaling
Their perfume to the sun, where joy might glow
As day ends glowing. Virginal violence,
I thee adore! What wild delight, a bare
Forbidden burden slipping to escape
From my parched mouth; quivers like northern-lights
A carnal secret terror! from the feet
Of the cruel to the shy one's heart, disowned
By innocence, and dewed with foolish tears
Or some less mournful moisture!
'This my crime:
Rejoicing to dispel their fears betrayed,

I parted with a kiss that bushy hair
The gods had tangled: and scarce hid excited
Laughter in the gay coils of one (still holding
The maid by single finger—not yet flushed
So simple she—to tinge her plume-like pallor
And share her sister's kindling) when my arms
Grew weak from vague remorse; and so escaped
My still-unthankful prey, not pitying
The frenzy on me yet.'

No matter! Others
Will lead me toward enjoyment, long hair knotted
Around my forehead's horns. Thou knowest, my passion,
How purple ripe pomegranates open split
To murmuring bees, and so our blood inflamed
Gushes to sate desire, an endless swarm.
The hour that tints this wood an ashen-gold
Stirs the dim leaves with festive expectation:
Etna! It is among your slopes that Venus
Wanders the lava on her candid tread
While flame subsides or dolorous challenge thunders.
I clasp the queen!

O certain chastisement—

No, but the soul, empty of words, gives way,
This burdened body too, in high noon's hush.
No more, I must forget my blasphemies
In sleep, stretching along unwatered sand,
And how I love to taste wine's healing star!

Sisters, farewell; my eyes close on your shade.

NIGHT SONG

DORIAN COOKE

When the cold nights flicker,
And the earth grows hard,
When the cruel room strangles
And tangles its guard,
Then the song beats quicker.

Yet the slow hours fumble,
And the eyes keep wide,
As the tongue begs mercies
And curses this tide.
O, the old wars crumble.

But a new doom hardens
And the damned dead come.
Now the rank darks deepen
With weapons and drum.
And no voice pardons.

From an old war's terrors
Does the new doom spring?
Does the night hide dangers
And strangers that sing?
Does the song hold horrors?

Here the ways end burning
Where the images rise.
And the fat past plunders,
With thunders of eyes,
All hope of returning.

MY ANIMAL

YORKE CROMPTON

I ride my animal with quiet unease.
It has four limbs, but boasts a human head;
It is alive, for it could not, if dead,
Produce the motions my companion sees;
I am not it, though I to it am bound—
Where do I end, and where does it begin?
The strangest sense of all is that within
Is different from those things that fend me round.
I know myself distinct; but yet can I
Exist without him when he cease to be?
Live timeless changes where no time can roll?
This creature is but what the minutes ply;
It is the smaller; like Plotinus, we
Can know that body is *within* the soul.

THE MIDNIGHT READER

ROSEMARY DOBSON

I carry such companions with me now,
Move always in a crowd, who come and go
Just as I come and go and witty, sad,
Impatient, tranquil, make my mood their own.
Press on my mind, nudge me and jostle so
I've not two thoughts together I can keep.
You, sir, whom Fielding fathered years ago
Stand off a little.

Here's that Pamela now
Begs on her knees for guidance. Lovelace draws
An idle hand along the table's edge,
Waits, whistling, my attention. Give me air.
This room, my mind, too cabined is to hold
So large a levee. Madame Bovary
Your carriage waits. —Oh Angel Clare,
I beg you be advised . . . Too late, too late.

All of you ask,
Demand, solicit, wring my sympathy,
Beseech advice, then go your ways the same.
Heed not the warning: take the fatal path,
Post the wrong letter, leave the door ajar,
Go several ways to ruin and despair.

I ask just two
Congenial souls to stay. No passion, lust,
Divided minds, no desperate remedies,
No tortured loves, designing wickedness,
Just two or three. The rest withdraw.

You'll not?
Come then, I'll light my candle to your graves,
Uneasy souls. I'll get your peace and mine,
For when I fall to darkness and to dream,
It is your cockcrow and you'll vanish each
Beneath the headstone on your title-page.

SONNET

PETER DONNE

Beyond the rolling hill withdraws the day.
The sky is half tumultuous cloud, half bare.
Robbed of their colour, all the trees stand grey
And ghostlike in the softly shifting air.
Still now, the river gleams as cattle drink
Faintly reflected in the last quiet light;
Still, as they linger, shadows on the brink,
Shadows against the darker shades of night.
Where are the flowers that under noontide sun
Spread in the meadows such a carpet gay?
Brightness all hidden; and their beauty one
With all the paths you followed to this day.
Now, there is music whispering on the breeze,
Song such as sirens sang beyond the beating seas.

ON CERTAIN COMBATIVE VEGETARIANS

W. A. B. GARDENER

In calling wicked those who take for meat
Sentient creatures, whether fur or feather,
They pride themselves that they kill not to eat;
But when they walk, their feet are shod in leather.

THE PASSAGE

WINIFRED GÉRIN

Outside this wall, across this frontier line
That is myself, spreads everlasting life;
One step and I am through;
So fragile is the barrier and so fine
The shade between security and strife,
Prison and liberation, Hell and you.

On that side freedom beckons; and who knows
To what fresh dedication of our powers
Death is the gate?
Like any refugee I stand and wait
My chance to cross. They seem to me long hours . . .
No habitations glimmer, no light glows . . .

It will be possible to see the place,
Perhaps even to recognise the way we wend
If in the forward rush,
In the confusion and the shifting crush
Of that arrival I can find your face,
As formerly at every journey's end.

WITH A ROSE, GIVEN HIM

JOHN GODLEY

Rather then, Oh rather that you should go alone,
Where your body of mine will be nor touched nor defiled,
And though, thus going, thus all that gift is gone,
That breathless you brought me, and with such wonder filled;

Rather then, though the passion and the peace,
Found with you, lose me and leave me, and the known love fail,
Than that in that other, yet seeking me in this,
The sweetness of you, as of this rose, grow pale!

Not then, alone, will I think of you gone, or close
With him, nor will I think of you who, undesiring,
My love, in not love, but in fear or pity surrender;

And thus, despite now, are you kept whole for me, and those
Lips and breasts mine still, which will return, the firing
Flame still a-flicker, lost else the burden under.

ANACREON'S GRAVE

MICHAEL HAMBURGER

Where the rose is in flower, where vines interlace with the laurel,
Where the turtle-dove calls, where the small cricket delights,
What a grave is this, which all the gods have embellished,
Graced and planted with life? It is Anacreon's rest.
Spring-time, summer and autumn blessed the fortunate poet:
And from winter the mound kept him quite safe in the end.

LA BAIGNEUSE

CHARLES HIGHAM

Bring the leopard laughing from the river-shallows,
Or armadilloes where lianas shiver;
Draw them with the gold threads of afternoon,
To see her all enchanted by the river
Under inconstant willows
Grisambered by the petals of the moon.

Let the sad whisper of the tresses linger
In water and comb-coral for the carding;
Break in the husks of air the seeded sorrow,
Insensate tears each bergamot was hoarding;
Drift, drift across her finger
And draw her, water, to thy bed below.

GYPSY POET

From Arthur Rimbaud

TRANSLATED BY

BRIAN HILL

Fists probing my torn pockets, off I'd wander,
My overcoat more holes than cloth, and I
Poetry's bond-slave under the open sky;
Oh lord, what splendid dreams of love I'd squander!
Torn were my only trousers at the knees;

For inn-sign, in the sky the Great Bear shone,
And stars, like twinkling silk, smiled down upon
Tom Thumb, the dreamer, shelling rhymes like peas.

I'd listen from the roadside on those fine
September nights while dew-drops' heady wine
Moistened my brow; fantastic shadows pressed
About me as in search of rymes I'd tug
The laces of my worn-out boots and hug
One foot, just like a lyre, against my chest.

THE RECKONING

BRIAN MERRIKIN HILL

Sir, I have tried, you giving me talents, love,
to help, have exalted love, have striven for friends
as no man better, have ascended above
where few walked, have gone down to ends
better undreamed, unvisited; yet I find,
had I not stirred, but sat still with a quiet mind
all would have fallen better. My striving, Sir,
to make has marred them, through my guidance they err.

Is this your parable, Sir? Did you forget
who used his talent, and lost it? Remember yet
one story unfinished, Lord. Amid my flesh
I lie as a twisted bone; oh, will the fresh
wind blow, Sir, now the charm, the talent, is spent?
Or do you require of the loser alone
a recompense for the loss of the lent?

MORTALITY

J. K. G. HOFFMAN

As she lets the sunlight kiss
  Her trembling bough,
The pear-tree on the hill
  Stands lovely now.

But I who come to you
  Bring more than this:
O taste the salt of transience
  In human bliss!

BLIND PARAGON

DAVID HOGG

Dumb dynasty of death!
How speak thy severed tongues
Of love and hate? What breath
Shall fill they tortured lungs
With virtue's cold reward?
What enigmatic hand
Shall draw the naked sword
Of thy unheard command?

Lost legions of remorse!
How ride they solemn steeds
In their relentless course
Of half-forgotten deeds
And half-remembered shame
That pave the tragic path
Of sin's eternal fame
And time's eternal wrath?

Chill chastity of night!
How blows the icy blast
Of thy unseeing sight
That probes the future past
As life's unhampered gaze
Would view in wonderment
The lonely present's ways
And think itself content?

Blind paragon of day!
What wisdom chills they heart?
The part that makes the play?
The play that cramps the part?
Or is the play complete
Before thy curtain falls
On where the Ages meet
In Zion's gloomy stalls?

Dark despot of despair!
No more can life consent
The yolk of Hell to share
With Heaven's discontent!

Only the free can mock
The bondage of the slave!
Canst thou thyself unlock
Thine own unfettered grave?

HISTORY

MARK HOLLOWAY

History, you are illusion, dust
Of our fallen memories, broken aggregate
Of arrogant and conflicting wills.
What has happened or is to come
Is what no one desires or predicates
Rubble and girder alike impermanent
As grain changed in the mills.

Nelson was the great historian;
At Copenhagen seeing what he wished to see
Or in Italy with Emma, bewitched by the rare.
One man in one ship in a shifting sea
Scanning his short horizon while the sun is up
And half the world is dark, the historian
Is not aided by any star's constancy.

History, you are unsafe;
Built by men with blind eyes turned inward
You know less than the stars see—
Vast deserts of ice to come and the sea-bed
Cradle and cover for all your pride. Dust
Is your destiny, tomorrow's prehistory, ash and bone,
Whose spirit subsists in myth and legend alone.

TAKE NOT THE GRACE AWAY

WRENNE JARMAN

Take the rain that increases the oatseeds ground up
for my gruel,
Sap the juice from the fruits and the lymph from the
root-crops displace;

Dry the humours out of the soil and the pitch from the
fuel—
But take not your grace away, Lord, take not the grace!

Wrap the sun in the mantles of thunder and stifle his
ardour,
Hide the moon and the stars, of the firefly leave not
a trace;
Crack the glaze of the glistering seas as beneath an
armada—
But turn not Your face away, Lord, turn not Your face!

Stay the song of the starlings at morning, in stillness
diffuse it,
Make the world a vast charnel of sound with no loneliest
creak;
Break the lyre and the harp and the branches men mould
into music—
But void not the burgeoning silences wherein You speak!

Smash the icons I treasure of lovers, my father's, my
mother's,
Rase the names of my sons and my daughters forewritten
in sand;
Call the comrades that comfort me now as You summoned
the others—
But leave me not, Lord, in the darkness and short of
Your hand!

UNICORN

ELIZABETH JENNINGS

I have ridden the unicorn of my love
Through angry forests and through glistening meadows
And I have seen the lissom lovely shadows
Of his white limbs across the rivers move
And we have trampled in our restless gallop
Hard buds of flowers and milky breast-like roses
And the hard stems of leaves, hairs which envelop
The shy waterlily as it closes:
O he has carried me upon his limbs
His legs of snow but fiery as these roses.

ON THE EDWARD THOMAS MEMORIAL

(To Helen Thomas)

RALPH LAWRENCE

Suppose that it had foundered in decay,
Was there a valid argument for grief?
Nature would then belatedly repay
Her debt of love, causing the ivy-leaf
To stencil mossed and lichened stone whose base
She would encircle with aspiring grass;
And in this tranquil, long-neglected place
Would bloom the flowers he cherished. These might pass
And chaos, supervening, be complete.
But since a poet was remembered here,
Still none could find a reason for regret:
Time has approved him; therefore none need fear
Though stone should crumble, Nature's wealth be spent—
His words afford his richest monument.

MY FRIEND, MY ENEMY

PHILIP LINDSAY

Lift up the vizor. I would see your face,
Touch within metal fingers, peer beyond
You're jailor's armoured flattering grimace
However jovial and seeming fond.

Pull down the vizor. I have seen enough.
Better to fawn within a jail than show
The heart of malice underneath the bluff
Apeing a friend that fears to play the foe.

PASSING BY

EDWARD LOWBURY

For days I gloat on the sea,—weeks, and it's always
Turning over a new leaf. What wisdom!

So, too, it must have been when Venus arose
Concerned with love in a thousand great and small ways.

What is the use? Laughing, unloving eyes
Compel obedience from the heart which listened
In vain to the gap gospel of the waves:
She passes by, he loves until he dies.

CONSCRIPTS

DAVID MARCUS

This is the kind of night
When trees are the people I hate
Who run their hands through my hair

When footsteps just melt at my touch
Of girls who are everywhere
And walk through a door to the moon

When shadows have less of care
Then cats on a skull-top roof
That peel the skin from my fear

And frog-march my thoughts to fight
For a prize that my heart cannot share;
This is that kind of a night.

BY A RIVER

BEATRICE MAYOR

A small bird arrowing far
In a rose evening sky.
Trembling in the haze between bough and water
A needle thin dragonfly.
A quiet child on the gold grass edge
Wondering as children will.
My thoughts, a band of dream figures, decamp,
Suddenly my heart is still.

THE SOLITARY RIDER

GEORGE MOOR

Barren the winter ocean booms:
The black-faced puffins from the shore
Rise screaming in the water's roar,
Fleeing before the storm that comes!
A long black cloud that hides the light!
Soon it is neither day nor night!
The clouds explode a thousand drums.

O lone big-bouldered Ditmarsh shore,
Grey sea and utter solitude
Backed by the marsh where wild fowl brood
And solitary sighing soar.
Here the defiant Saxon driven
By warring bishops, still to Heaven
Sent smoke to Odin as before.

But now the changing wind blows clear
The wet and tender shining sky.
The speeding moon glows liquidly
Through the rain-washed atmosphere.
Gone is the storm; the gods are gone.
Yet seldom here at midnight one,
Sees the marsh-dwellers passing by.

With helmet eagle-winged, upright
On a white horse loomed silvery,
Vast and majestic in moonlight,
A giant king rides silently.
The ghostly hooves thud on the sand,
He does not look back to the land,
As both ride on into the sea.

SCHEME

MERTON NAYDLER

I'm off to sell my soul to the witches and the devils
And return with a bucketful of predatory evils,
With the power to enchant you and bewilder all your senses,
To enmesh and entangle and befuddle you with trances:
Till by my wanton magic I've established you my lover,
And though I'm damned eternally you'll worship me forever !

HILL TOWN, ITALY, 1944

W. G. R. OATES

Cascading down the hill
A stream
Of houses in grey foam
Churning around gaunt towers;
Whilst on the fringe
A froth of cypress trees
Shimmer in the heat:
And as a water-skimming bird
Above the surge
Floats a blue-tiled dome.

LOVE'S IMAGES

GILBERT PHELPS

Love's old images are true
though their surfaces are worn—
bolt and hammer will not do
the office of the rose or thorn.

The glitter of the sheeted steel,
the rods and pistons' complex mesh,
will show that sorrow's pain is real,
—but blossoms only equal flesh.

The winking of electric light
is when the shutter is close drawn
on cautious eyes, defensive bright,
—but open, liquid stars and dawn.

The bolt and rivet fix the line
of mouth grown hard in pride or fear,
but when the lips relax, the fine
curled contours of the leaf appear.

The pylons intellect can build
rise arrogant on neglected earth,
one pang—they sink where once love filled
the roots of their forgotten birth.

The human soul is thirsty when
the mouth is choked with separate grains,
like the lopped bloom it lifts again,
washed in the generous dews and rains.

Iron for the heart that's split,
forked cable for the fissured brain,
but love and beauty will not fit
the static images of pain.

The plangent heart, the leaping eye
reach for the images of growth,
the vibrant rose and changing sky
will answer to the pulse of both.

Love's anger in the furnace blaze,
—his patience in the withdrawn heat
suspended in the forest haze
and green stir of his muffled beat.

VALUES WERE VEILED

PETER RUSSELL

Values were veiled in the old world before
Though now we knew love often comes too late;
Sweethearts for dying are not valued more.

Love does not follow any certain law
And so can only be explained by fate;
Values were veiled in the old world before.

We used to think a steady future sure
And love's young dream to be an endless state;
Sweethearts for dying are not valued more.

We used to think philosophy a bore
And gloomy death an undertermined date;
Values were veiled in the old world before.

Love is the dream that every man hopes for
Though even love is sometimes turned to hate;
Sweethearts for dying are not valued more.

Of those who are not slaughtered in a war
Old men must die and children learn to wait;
Values were veiled in the old world before;
Sweethearts for dying are not valued more.

IMAGES OF CHILDHOOD

PETER SIMMONS

The thermos flask and the plastic plates,
We are going for a picnic.

It is windy
I shall be able to fly my kite.

I have arranged the soldiers on the fort.
The Indians on horseback stand up
Better than the Lifeguards.

The conspiracy of toys.
The conspiracy of children.

PROBLEM LANDSCAPE

SYDNEY SNELL

Skull-bare and round
Five sterile hills
With valleys between
Of shadowed ground.
From these there flow
Two swollen streams
  Their tributaries
  Wander between
And patches of brown
Like little coins
Freckle the ground.

  Lividly blue
Are these streams that flow
Through ocherous plains,
Where only reeds
Hair-thin and grey
Like tangled weeds
  May grow.

Where is this land?
An African Veldt?
Some coast overseas?
  Or is it a belt
  Of desert-sand?
No!—None of these
It is—an old man's hand.

CITADELS

GORDON SYMES

In these dividing days
How widely hearts are wired.
Nights palpitate with morse
Behind the sandbagged maze.
And peace is like a sword.

Behind a chess of trenches
The secret plans are hid.
Newspapers, blood, language,
Glands, myths are mind's defences
Whose eyes like frost forbid.

In fits and starts like fear
The instinctive doves depart.
Men coldly grow aware
That words can do no more
Than obfuscate the heart.

Some, the brave innocent,
Hurl themselves on the wire
That mocks their kind intent.
They flap there impotent,
Scarecrows of untrained desire.

Others stand fast. "Possess,
Occupy us," they entreat.
That prayer shall never pass
Beyond the motionless
Sentry at their gate.

Now it is time, or never,
For wire-cutters. Enforce
The first incision. Sever
Time's rusted knots. Discover
The mines of private sores.

Unreel the long raid.
Pacify each defeat.
Then move on the belly
In true humility
Towards the last redoubt.

And in the wire web's centre
Not any stonecold marshal
Shall face you as you enter,
But one disarmed and tender,
Tirelessly lovable.

PEERS
(For June)

ARTHUR VIVIAN

Save me from women wound in casual lust,
Ephemeral unmeaning incidental,
The sudden-changing moods that kill their gentle
Considerate seemings; till they feel they must,
Just must, what passion whispers on the crust;
Knowing no solid inner core, nor rental
Nor contract, only a moody kind of mental
Coherence which a whim will puff to dust.

There are exceptions—months minutes or days
Equally trashy, some last seven years,
And these last on for ever, and always
Fresh in the two-ways memory, the spheres
Of Hope and Faith and Certainty: all praise
To men or women who are Equal Peers.

PRELUDE TO THE DANCE

RAYMOND WARD

Visions that do not depend on sense
Can bring no comfort in the end
If still the dancing girls extend
Their limbs with smiling insolence.
They taste the orange, find it sweet,
And salve their fury with regret.

Whining flutes may penetrate
An old man's ear, and palace walls,
Bead curtains, and a dancer may
Absorb his gaze; and perfume cheat
His nostril till the garment falls
To tatters, and is blown away.

Yet gongs with intervening sound
Leave silence and a darkening hall,
Although the Prince be tightly bound,
And weaving round, invisible

To sense, those visions may devise
A gown of dancing mysteries.

All flutes may furnish men with song
Would they but listen when they play,
And those may see the flame of day
Reflected in a burnished gong,
Who do not look to hinder sense
With unconsoling violence.

TO A ROSE

(For Penny)

JON WYNNE-TYSON

Some truly loved, immortal hour
Conceived your bloom,
Thrice lovely and still unspoiled flower.
Had God not power
To plant you in His private soil?
If I were He I would not chance you so
Where man's despoiling hand so craves to show
Improvements on His toil.

SIR WALTER SCOTT: THIRTEEN NEW POEMS?

EDITED BY

W. M. PARKER

Although *The Poetical Works of Sir Walter Scott* form a voluminous contribution to our poetry, there still remain hitherto undiscovered poetical pieces by him. In my researches in the National Library of Scotland I have found several apparently new Scott poems among different manuscript collections. They vary, of course, in quality, but the fact that they were composed, or conjectured to have been composed, by Scott gives them significance. I am indebted to Major-General Sir Walter Maxwell Scott, Bart., of Abbotsford, for permission to publish them here.

It is common knowledge that Scott's first literary productions were translations from the German poets, Burger and Goethe, which have been published at one time or another. Copies of some of them are contained in a little MS. book, written in the hand of Henry Mackenzie, the author of *The Man of Feeling*. One, however, a translation by Scott of Goethe's *Fischer* (from *Lyrische Dichtungen*), has, as far as I can ascertain, never been printed. It is entitled *The Mermaid* and comprises nine verses.

(1)

The western breezes fanned the brook,
As pensive by its side
The Youthful Angler marked the hook
Float dancing down the tide.

And as he watched with heedful eye
The eddying ebbs and flows,
From yon deep whirlpool swelling high
The wily Mermaid rose.

And blushing as her bosom fair
Came glistening to the sun;
She wrapped around her silken hair
With liquid pearls bedone.

And sweet she spoke and sweet she sung,
"Oh wherefore should thy wile

"To pant their last in sultry sun
"My guiltless tribes beguile?

"Oh couldst thou know how sweet the joy
"Beneath the waves they share;
"To grasp such bliss thou soon wouldst fly
"And dive to meet it there.

"Bathe not the Moon and glorious sun
"In waves of western light,
"And glittering from the fresh'ning main
"Arise more lovely bright.

"Look down, behold yon azure sky
"Array'd in brighter blue;
"Look down, thine own fair cheek descry
"Returned (?) in rosier hue."

His throbbing bosom felt her lay:
The witless youngling, he
Marked not the water's rising sway
Nor felt it bathe his knee.

Still sweet she sung, still sweet she spoke
Till he mid billows green
A plunge halfdrawn, halfwilling took
And never more was seen.

A light poetic trifle (Poem 2) occurs in miscellaneous material, evidently collected by William Scott, 6th Laird of Raeburn, a branch of the Scott family. Entitled *Eh, quo the Tod,* being a version of *The Fox jumped up on a moonlight night* with a Raeburn setting, the verses are not in Scott's hand, but they are endorsed "Sir Walter Scott". Here, as in the other poems, I have inserted punctuation, which Scott seldom supplies:

(2)

Eh, quo the Tod, it's a braw light night.
The Wind's in the West and the Moon shines bright,
The Wind's in the West and the Moon shines bright
And I'll over to the Town O.

It's down amang yon Shepherd's scroggs
I'd like to be worried by the dogs,

But, by my sooth, I minded his hogs
As I cam frae the Town O.

He's ta'en the grey Guse by the green Sleeve.
Eh, ye auld Witch, nae langer shall ye live,
Your flesh it is tender, your banes I will prieve;
For that I cam to the Town O.

Up got the auld wife out o' her bed
And out at the Window shot her auld head.
—Eh, gudeman, the grey Guse is dead
And the Tod has been at the Town O.

As I cam in by Raeburn's Yetts,
The Ducks and the geese began to quaik.
Eh, quo the Tod, that's braw Music
As I cam frae the Town O.

"Scrogs" are stunted bushes, or thickets; "prieve" is to prove by tasting; and "yetts" are gates.

Extracts from *Adversaria,* a commonplace-book of Scott, are photostat reproductions of pieces which, although in Scott's handwriting, may not all be his. Those which have no rewriting, interpolations, and corrections were probably copies made by Scott from verse passages that attracted him. But four, in which there are alterations and corrections, seem definitely to be original compositions. The three verses *To a Lady* (Poem 3) are doubtful, however. *Shade* in the first line of the second verse has been substituted for "spirit".

(3)

For thee *from Time's slow mouldering hold*
Shall many an antique lay be torn—
Recorded Deeds of Champions bold,
Or plaints of Maids who wept forlorn.

The shade of each departed Bard,
Who mourns his verse neglected long,
Shall own, o'erpaid by thy *regard,*
The labours of his noblest song.

So the rich Diamond's blazing stone
Is drawn from darkness of the Mine
To grace some valued Monarch's throne,
Or some loved Saint's heart-worshippd Shrine.

The next piece (Poem 4) has no title. The first word is difficult to decipher, but seems to read "unpued (probably for "unpulled"), which Scott has substituted for "untouchd". In the third line of the first verse "shall cheer" is substituted for "adorn"; in the first line of the second verse "drear" is substituted for "sad", and in the third line of the same verse "Thy spriggs shall wake" are substituted for "To cherish sad". The second word in the first line of the third verse and the first in the third line of the same verse are almost illegible, but they might read "sune", whatever that may be.

(4)

Unpued (?) on Yarrow's braes, the birk,
Untouched may Teviot's roses fa',
While thy pale flowers shall cheer my way—
Laid by the maid that's far awa'—

And while I wander, lorn and drear,
By many a time worn tottering ha',
Thy spriggs shall wake remembrance dear
Of pleasures past and far awa'.

Droop sune (?), ye birks in Yarrow's shade,
While the keen north winds rudely blaw,
Sune (?) may thy roses, Teviot, fade,
Born on his whirlwhins far awa'.

Come, Winter, with thy ruthless train,
And clad again our hills wi' snaw,
For lovely in thy stormy van
Thou bringst the maid that's far awa'.

There are many more corrections and interpolations in another untitled piece (Poem 5) consisting of seven verses.

In the second line of verse one "that courts renown in" is substituted for "ordained to dare the"; "Still" in the third line is substituted for "Must"; "spite of toil in climate's" in the fourth line substituted for "climate and in danger's".

In the first line of verse two "Susa's" is substituted for "Taurus" and "hostile towers" for "Barbarous walls"; in the second line "timorous" between "The" and "maid", is deleted.

In the first line of verse three "smiles for the Warrior", between "What" and "nobler", is deleted; in the fifth line "recreant's" is substituted for "coward's".

The second line of verse four was originally written "And heedless of the Vulgar fame" and then deleted; in the sixth line "madly" is substituted for "idly"; between this line and the seventh, two lines have been so completely scored out that they are illegible.

The last word of verse five has disappeared in the photostat.

The only change in verse six is "Unmoor", substituted for "Unfurl" in the sixth line.

The first line of verse seven, as here given, has been substituted for "For oft tho' mid the silent skies", and "tho seem" deleted for "while all"; in the third line "Altho" is substituted for "And tho while".

(5)

Trained by Adversity's stern hand,
The Youth that courts renown in fight
Still foremost of the hardy band
In spite of toil in climate's spite,
All dreadful with the bloody spear
Urge, thundering on his broken rear
The quiverd Parthian's headlong flight.

On him from Susa's hostile towers
The maid shall bend her timorous eye;
While many a votive prayer she pours,
And frequent heaves the anxious sigh
Least all unused to bloody strife
Her lover, prodigal of life,
Should yon grim lion's rage defy.

What nobler meed awaits the brave
Than to meet death's griesly form,
While his country's cause to save,
Firm he stems the battle's storm,
Since not the recreant's rapid feet,
Tho' as the hunted Roebuck's fleet,
Shall save his caitiff corpse amid the dire alarm?

For virtue on herself relies,
Nor heeds the voice of giddy fame,
Whether the croud with rapturous cries
Applaud to heaven her favourite name,
Or, whether fired with idle rage
Against her war they madly wage,
She scorns their giddy mood unaltered and the same.

And when her votaries guiltless die
In her blest cause at her command,
She bids heaven's portals open fly
Close barrd against the common band;
On Honour's pinion upward borne
The sordid earth they scornfull spurn
And seek their native home amid the Sky (?).

Nor yet shall private faith unstaind,
Neglected, miss its due reward—
Nor shall the wretch, his word profaned,
Unnoticed scape Jove's dire regard.
Devoted Miscreant, ne'er shall he
Unmoor the feeble skiff with me
Least both o'erwhelmd should sink beneath the stern award.

For oft, while all serene the skies
And calm the bosom of the deep,
Altho fresh crimes on crimes arise,
The tempted thunders seem to sleep.
Vengeance, tho' slow yet deadly sure,
Silent and stern awaits the fated hour,
Then pours upon the wretch her whirlwinds deadly sweep.

A characteristic Scott martial rhythm infuses the following nine verses of an untitled piece (Poem 6). In the last line of the first verse "gayest" has been substituted for "fairest".

The first line of the second verse has been substituted for "Which of us shall leave our mother".

In the first line of the third verse "ride out" was interpolated between "man" and "forward" and then deleted; the second line has been substituted for "Lag not back my gentle brother".

The third and fourth lines of the fourth verse were originally "So with safety and with honour, Homeward shalt thou bend thy way", but were deleted.

The first line of the fifth verse is substituted for "Tell me, Courser, gallant Courser".

In the third line of the sixth verse "and friends surrounding" is substituted for "and far from country".

The first line of the seventh verse began "Wherefore snortst thou, wherefore", then was left unfinished and deleted.

(6)

Which of us shall join the forces
When the Chiefs their levies gather?—
Best of Horsemen, best of Horses,
Highest head and gayest feather.

When the Chiefs their levies gather,
Which of us shall leave our mother,
Fairest offspring of our father,
Of our brother's youngest brother.

With the rash man forward ride not,
Lag not with the coward, my brother,
For the rash the sword abide not,
And dishonour stains the other.

Bide, my brother, by the Banner,
Straggle not from the arraying,
So shall safety, so shall honour
Bless thy charging, grace thy staying.

Then our choicest steed preparing,
Saddle him by dawn of morning,
Him (?) with thin maned crest uprearing,
Fleet at speed and sharp at turning.

(Young Hussar speaks)
Ah, my courser, fiercely bounding,
Where, O where, wilt thou remove me,
From my cot and friends surrounding,
All who know and all who love me.

Does a moment's stay thus pain ye,
Does a moment's lingering tire ye,
Wherefore snortst thou, wherefore strain ye,
Wherefore glance thy eyes so fiery.

Heavier will be your cumber
When our march is long and weary,
Irksome nights devoid of slumber,
Mountains wild and marshes dreary.

Then will War with Want beside her
Urge thee on to ceaseless labour,
And the spur of thy keen rider,
Dreadful with his naked sabre.

The next piece (Poem 7), entitled *Come ower the Tweed, Adam, Being an excellent new song to the Old Tune of Come ower the sea, Charlie, etc.*, consisting of three verses and an *envoi*, is taken from a transcript in a collection of letters to Scott in the possession of the late Isaac F. Bayley of Halls, Dunbar, East Lothian. The lines are addressed to Scott's friend, Sir Adam Ferguson, Keeper of the Regalia in Scotland, and were written some time between 1822 and 1824 when Ferguson was residing at Gattonside House, two and a half miles below Abbotsford on the opposite side of the River Tweed. "Quanie" is Scott's form of "queynie", the diminutive from "quean" (a young woman), denoting a little girl.

(7)

Come ower the Tweed, Adam,
Dear Adam, Sir Adam,
Come ower the Tweed, Adam,
And dine with us all.
We'll wellcome you truly,
We'll stuff you most duly
With broth, greens, and boullie
In Abbotsford hall.

Bring here your dear lady,
In friendship so steady,
The welcomest tread aye
That visits our hall.
Bring your guests, too, and spare not,
For numbers we care not,
In especiall Miss Arnot,
So comely and tall.

With wine we'll regale ye,
We'll dram, punch and ale ye;
And song, tune, and tale ye
Shall have at your call.
'T will be worth a gold guinea
To hear Mrs. Jeanie
Lilting blithe as a quanie
In Abbotsford hall.

Then come ower the Tweed, Adam,
Dear Adam, Sir Adam,
Come ower the Tweed, Adam,
And gladden us all.

A further verse (Poem 8), was evidently discovered by Scott's elder son, the second Sir Walter Scott, who quoted it in a letter from Glasgow on 3rd January, 1839 (seven years after Scott's death) to his brother, Charles, asking him for a solution to the enclosed Charade, said to be "by my father".

(8)

Sir Hilary fought at Agincourt;
Troth, 't was an awful day,
And tho in that rude age of sport
The triflers of the Camp and Court
Had little time to pray,
'T is said Sir Hilary muttered there
Two syllables by way of prayer.

The first to all the Brave and proud
Who see to-morrow's sun.
The next with its lone quiet cloud
To those that meet their dewy shroud
Before the day is done.
The whole to those whose bright blue eyes
Weep when a warrior dies.

The ninth poem of these additions to Scott's poetry occurs in the MS. *Letters from Sir Walter Scott to Mr. Shortreed . . . and his sons Thomas, John and Andrew.* It is written out by J. E. Shortreed, who inserted a marginal note: "I have reason to believe this poem was published somewhere, but where I cannot discover—not certainly in the collected edition of the *Works*. But this is not a solitary omission as I can testify". Running to fourteen verses, the poem is entitled *Head and Tail*, and under the title is the motto "All turned topsy-turvy as sure as a gun" from Congreve's *The Double Dealer*. It would be interesting to know in what paper or periodical these verses, which seem to have political implications, appeared.

(9)

Of old, as Menenius Agrippa could tell ye,
A warfare was waged 'twixt the limbs and the belly;
And in these our own times ill advisers have bred
As deadly a feud 'twixt the tail and the head.

The Head had its foibles—for truth must be spoken—
It would sometimes get drunk, and would sometimes get broken—
Had its vapours and megrims, but was on the whole
A considerate, sensible sort of a poll.

The Rearward was ample, and might in its station
Have served a whole broad-bottom'd administration,
But, accounted the part where man's honour doth lodge,
It unhappily thought itself used as a drudge.

Then taking his ground like a person of mettle,
Up spoke Parte-post as if stung by a nettle:
"I give you fair warning, I am treated, by G—, ill,
And I'll bear it no longer, my good Mr. Noddle.

"When you blunder'd in childhood, 't was I who was lick'd;
When you bullied in youth, it was I who was kick'd:
And now when you're at some extravagant job,
Your fingers eternally grope in my fob.

"I cannot conceive why the deuce you presume
To be always the first when we enter a room,
Nor can I find out what the humour should be
That, sit down where we will, all the weight's laid on me.

"You can't shake me off, friend—and yet you think shame
Of me and my qualities, office, and name;
But each dog has his day——" Now the Head, says the story,
Thus replied to the pleading a posteriori:

"Be composed, dearest friend, for I have an idea
Your choler may end in a smart diarrhœa——
Thou most faithful of followers, I pay with content all
The tribute that's due to thy worth fundamental.

"Without your appendage a bird could not skim;
Without your appendage a fish could not swim,
Not a head without tail in creation is known,
Save the chubby-cheek'd Cherub that's carved in a stone.

"But though as a follower 't was thus indispensible,
Your claim to be leader seems not quite so sensible:
At seeing a buzzard would beset you quite hollow,
And for following your nose—you have no nose to follow.

"That you might sit easy my rest has been spoil'd ;
To find you in trowsers my brain has been toil'd;
If your job paid my reck'nings, I am sure you ne'er mist 'em,
For whate'er I laid out was for good of the system.

"And precedence betwixt us seems equally rated,
Since, if I enter first, you are always first seated——"
Here broke in Parte-post, crying out "'T is a grand hoax,
Or, to speak more politely, myself in a bandbox——"

The mob heard the clamour, thought Tail was used scurvy,
And voted at once for a world topsy-turvy:
"Let us go it, my hearties! Hereafter", they said,
"The head shall be tail, and the tail shall be head".

The man thus reversed, with what vigour he walk'd,
With what judgment he thought, with what eloquence talk'd,
I refer to those sages, whose prescient scan
Would invert a whole state on the radical plan.

Poem 10, entitled *Inscription*, is not in Scott's hand but is endorsed "W.S."

(10)

To youth, to age, alike this tablet pale
Tells the brief moral of its tragick tale.
Art thou a Parent? reverence this bier,
The Parents' fondest hopes lie buried here.
Art thou a youth prepared on life to start
With opening talents and a generous heart,
Fair hopes and flattering prospects all thine own?
Lo! here their end—a monumental stone.
But let submission tame each mourning thought.
Heaven crownd its Champion ere the Fight was fought.

Poem 11, an epilogue to a play, is in Scott's autograph:

(11)

When the lone pilgrim views afar
The shrine that was his guiding star,
With awe his footsteps print the road
Which the loved Saint of yore has trod.
As near he draws and yet more near,
His dim eye sparkles with a tear;
The Gothick fane's unwonted show,
The choral hymn, the taper's glow,
Oppress his soul while they delight
And chasten rapture with affright.
He dares not think his humble toil
Deserving of his patron's smile;
Too light appears the distant way
The chilly eve, the sultry day;
No merit seem his toils to claim,
But calling on his patron's name,
He lays his little offering down
And only deprecates his frown.
We, too, who ply the Thespian art
Oft feel such throbbings of the heart,
And when the mimic scene is done
Dare scarcely hope your favour won.
She who from sister climes has sought
The ancient land where Wallace fought,
Land long renowned for Beauty's charms
And poets' lays and heroes' arms,
She—as the flutterings here *avow—*
She feels the pilgrim's terrors now—
Yet since on Caledonian plain
No stranger ever sued in vain,
Be yours the hospitable task
To give the applause she dares not ask,
And they who bid the pilgrim speed,
The pilgrim's blessing be their meed.

Poem 12, also in Scott's hand, refers to Dryden:

(12)

Thus bold, thus great, and all in the extreme,
His panegyrics are like Daniel's dream,

His tribute now to David's glory pay,
A head of gold to his old feet of clay.
No wonder, then, so feelingly he tells
Of Corals, Shimeis, and Achitopels.
Such characters he well may gild so fine
Who has their rich ore from his own native mine,
How vast an orb has a poetick soul,
Grasps all from east to west and pole to pole;
Its warbling voice right, wrong, truth, falsehood sings,
Tuned to all states, religions, gods, or kings.
Oh (illegible) *how wide is thy circumference.*
When the attractive centre's bread and pence.

The final piece (Poem 13), is entitled *To General David Stewart of Garth,* and is in the handwriting of Scott's daughter, Sophia. Scott wanted to possess Darnick Tower, bordering upon Abbotsford, but he never became Laird of Darnick.

(13)

Brave Stuart, name without a blot,
Yours to command is Walter Scott.

Whate'er in "Waverley" is wrote,
I bear the blame, quoth Walter Scott.

A grey, auld man, sore faild, I wot,
There's life in't yet, said Walter Scott.

Trees did he plant and lands he bought,
A Darnick Laird was Walter Scott.

He loved a man that bravely fought,
And Garth was friend to Walter Scott.

With Highland Chief he had a note
For (illegible) *the plaids loved Walter Scott.*

The grey hounds (?) were fleet as thought
Till age tamed them and Walter Scott.

Take (illegible) *this vile stuff—I risk it not,*
So there's an end of Walter Scott.

POETRY IN AUSTRALASIA

3. KENNETH SLESSOR (b. 1901)

PHILIP LINDSAY

To remain detached about a friend's work is difficult: one is liable to over-value or, in an effort to appear unbiased, to under-value it. With this fear in mind, I tried to forget the man when I returned to Kenneth Slessor's work and, critical though I forced myself to be, I rose from his *One Hundred Poems**, and from other verses in anthologies and periodicals, with my belief in him, if anything, strengthened. Slessor is a great poet.

Space being limited, I must resist temptation to quote indiscriminately and must concentrate on such of his work as has made most powerful effect on later poets. This means ignoring his early verse with its richness of imagery, an exotic flavour that echoes with the music of the early Stravinsky, having the same colourful depths and exciting rhythms, and also passing over much of his middle period of semi-disillusion with its almost T. S. Eliotish rejection of romance and its weariness at life's inanities. Yet it was at the beginning of this middle period—1927-32—that there appeared his important *Captain Dobbin* and the *Five Visions of Captain Cook*. To one reader at least, these works came with a sense of excitement, of windows opening on to no lands forlorn, and every re-reading returns to me the same wonder and delight; but after writing them, Slessor drifted into the unhappy rootless world of *The Old Play*, a sequence of poems in which life was contemplated as the pathetic and meaningless performance of marionettes to whom emotion was both a cheat and a refuge:

> In an old play-house, in an old play,
> In an old piece that has been done to death,
> We dance, kind ladies, noble friends.
> Observe our modishness, I pray,
> What dignity the music lends.
> Our sighs, no doubt, are only a doll's breath,
> But gravely done—indeed, we're all devotion,
> All pride and fury and pitiful elegance.
> The importance of these antics, who may doubt?
> Do you deny us the honour of emotion

**One Hundred Poems* by Kenneth Slessor, 1944, (Angus & Robertson), Castlereagh Street, Sydney, and 48 Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.1.

Because another has danced this, our dance?
Let us jump it out.

The mood was then the world's mood, almost all of us suffered under it, but fortunately Slessor was able to shake it off to achieve the great requiem of *Five Bells* addressed to the memory of a friend, Joe Lynch, a cartoonist drowned in Sydney harbour. And to this poem, with *Captain Dobbin* and *Captain Cook*, I must try to restrict this summary of Slessor's achievement, maddening though the curb is on my enthusiasm, because out of them rose a new movement in those younger poets to be examined later in these essays.

Spiritually, Slessor discovered Sydney harbour and the Pacific. He was Australia's Captain Cook of poetry, turning his back on the silent mystery of the continent to join in the endless adventure of man, that pigmy-god defying the universe in a cockle-shell. I had the good fortune once to meet the friend who inspired *Capain Dobbin*, but in the flesh he was nothing whatever like Slessor's creation, being a charming, intelligent retired sea captain of the days of sail; yet from the tales he told in his little enchanting room with its walls all books save for models or paintings of ships with photographs of other sailors "cigar-hued in various spots", came this vision of a whimsical, pathetic yet heroic sailor as roundly conceived and shown to us as a figure from Dickens—I have space for only a few lines:

Over the flat and painted atlas-leaves
His reading-glass would tremble,
Over the fathoms, pricked in tiny rows,
Water shelving to the coast.
Quietly the bone-rimmed lens would float
Till, through the glass, he felt the barbéd rush
Of bubbled foaming, spied the albicores,
The blue-finned admirals, heard the wind-swallowed cries
Of planters running on the beach
Who filched their swags of yams and ambergris,
Birds' nests and sandalwood, from pastures numbed
By the sun's yellow, too meek for honest theft;
But he, less delicate robber, climbed the walls,
Broke into dozing houses
Crammed with black bottles, marish wine
Crusty and salt-corroded, fading prints,
Sparkle-daubed almanacs and playing cards,
With rusty cannon, left by the French outside,
Half-buried in sand,

Even to the castle of Queen Pomaree
In the Yankee's footsteps, and found her throne-room piled
With golden candelabras, mildewed swords,
Guitars and fowling-pieces, tossed in heaps
With greasy cakes and flung-down calabashes.

From Dobbin to Cook himself, the god of Dobbin, was a natural voyage, and the *Five Visions* opens by showing that mighty navigator, the man of resolute courage who "chose a passage into the dark" then it turns from the portrait to watch the beauty of the Great Barrier Reef's "flowers turned to stone" to the ecstasy of Joseph Banks; from this intense beauty, it breaks into a merry jog-trot with:

Two chronometers the captain had,
One by Arnold that ran like mad,
One by Kendal in a walnut case,
Poor devoted creature with a hangdog face.

Arnold always hurried with a crazed click-click
Dancing over Greenwich like a lunatic,
Kendal panted faithfully his watch-dog beat,
Climbing out of Yesterday with sticky little feet.

Arnold choked with appetite to wolf up time,
Madly round the numerals his hands would climb,
His cogs rushed over and his wheels ran miles,
Dragging Captain Cook to the Sandwich Isles

But Kendal dawdled in the tombstoned past,
With a sentimental prejudice to going fast,
And he thought very often of a haberdasher's door
And a yellow-haired boy who would knock no more.

All through the night-time, clock talked to clock,
In the captain's cabin, tock-tock-tock,
One ticked fast and one ticked slow,
And Time went over them a hundred years ago

After this interlude we watch Cook unbending, the god folding his wings to walk with midshipmen, while the sequence is rounded off with a moving and almost tragic portrait of blind Alexander Home in Scotland recalling memories of the hero with whom he had sailed, uniting all the poems in this one sailor's recollections and making Cook a living man through the thoughts of another man:

Five Bells, the other longish work that has made such an impression on later poets is, as I have remarked, written about a dead friend. Alone in his flat on the harbour-shore, Slessor listens to the ships' bells while he rubs the window-pane to seek the ghost through moonlight, recalling the gay things they once did together, their dreams and loves and despairs, and his friend now lying unburied under the darkness of that harbour in which "the Cross hangs upside-down in water":

> Where have you gone? The tide is over you,
> The turn of midnight water's over you,
> As Time is over you, and mystery,
> And memory, the flood that does not flow.
> You have no suburb, like those easier dead
> In private berths of dissolution laid—
> The tide goes over, the waves ride over you
> And let their shadows down like shining hair,
> But they are Water; and the sea-pinks bend
> Like lilies in your teeth, but they are Weed;
> And you are only part of an Idea.
> I felt the wet push its black thumb-balls in,
> The night you died, I felt your eardrums crack,
> And the short agony, the longer dream,
> The Nothing that was neither long nor short;
> But I was bound, and could not go that way,
> But I was blind, and could not feel your hand.
> If I could find an answer, could only find
> Your meaning, or could say why you were here
> Who now are gone, what purpose gave you breath
> Or seized it back, might I not hear your voice?

Space forbids further quotation from a poem that must be read in full for its grief to be felt, the loneliness of the night on the window-pane that holds the ghost outside; but I cannot too strongly emphasise the effect of this poem and of the Cook series on the development of Australian poetry. Judged by themselves, they are well nigh perfect works; judged by their effect on others, their value cannot even yet be realised. And besides these two works remains the mass of Slessor's other poetry, the passionate lyrics, the sardonic scenes of Australian life, pictures of country towns with their willows and squares and farmers bouncing on barrel mares, and of sailors ashore as when:

> Suddenly to become John Benbow, walking down William Street
> With a tin trunk and a five-pound note, looking for a place to eat,

And a peajacket the colour of a shark's behind
That a Jew might buy in the morning . . .

And that same William Street, with its dips and molls with flip and shiny gaze, continues to fascinate Slessor in other poems; but he can sing too of the North Country "filled with gesturing wood", and of the South Country under its "monstrous continent of air", although he is more at home in Sydney amongst "love in brass bedsteads" and its botanic gardens where it is difficult to make love before the "swans with damp, accusing eyes." His fascination with old maps will send him voyaging not only oceans but continents, looting India with William Hickey, or bowling over English roads on Mr. Ogilby's wheel. Often with rueful humour he stands back from life but more often he joins the laughter, even though it be mainly against himself, and he can gallop with the ballad when the rousing mood takes him to ride with Jacky Jacky, the bushranger, on a horse like a swallow.

It would, however, need a full number of this journal to cover the range of Slessor's achievement, but to show that *Six Bells* was, as has been suggested, no valediction to his own poetry, here is a poem from a recent number of the Sydney magazine *Southerly* to prove that he is still at work, still exploring life with the same amused tolerance which mocks perhaps because it dares not confess how deeply it suffers:

Sometimes she is like sherry, like the sun through a vessel of
glass,
Like light through an oriel window in a room of yellow wood;
Sometimes she is the colour of lions, of sand in the flame of
noon,
Sometimes as bruised with shadows as the afternoon.

Sometimes she moves like rivers, sometimes like trees;
Or tranced and fixed like South Pole silences;
Sometimes she is beauty, sometimes fury, sometimes neither,
Sometimes nothing, drained of meaning, null as water.

Sometimes, when she makes pea-soup or plays me Schumann,
I love her one way; sometimes I love her another
More disturbing way when she opens her mouth in the dark;
Sometimes I like her with camellias, sometimes with a
parsley-stalk;
Sometimes I like her swimming in a mirror on the wall;
Sometimes I don't like her at all.

FROM PUSHKIN TO PASTERNAK

Pushkin, Lermontov, Tyutchev—Poems translated by Vladimir Nabokov. Russian Literature Library. Lindsay Drummond, 5s.

Boris Pasternak—Selected Poems, translated by J. M. Cohen. Russian Literature Library. Lindsay Drummond, 5s.

The Waggon of Life and other lyrics by Russian Poets of the Nineteenth Century translated into English verse by Sir Cecil Kisch, K.C.I.E., C.B. The Cresset Press, 15s.

Reviewed by

JOHN WALLER

Vladimir Nabokov recalls that when an inquisitive Russian traveller asked the aged Baron d'Anthès how he had found it possible to deprive Russia of her greatest poet in a duel he replied testily: *Mais enfin, moi aussi,* I too am something: *Je suis Sénateur.*

This anecdote somehow places the pre-revolutionary Russian poet in his niche as a dignitary of the times, a follower or favourite of a Tsar, or noble, leaving poetry as some bizarre *drôlerie* thrown over the shoulder, resulting in exile or imprisonment should it prove irksome. This at least is a feeling strengthened by the romantic slightness of much of the contents of these two volumes of poetry in Lindsay Drummond's Russian Literature Library. The emphatic note is nonchalance and except in some few of the poems of Pasternak the ominous does not appear.

Such a very short selection cannot of course do justice to the work of Pushkin; he requires to be read in greater bulk. His most striking piece here is the dramatic "Mozart and Salieri," illustrating the age-old rivalry between mediocrity and genius. Salieri's case is:—

> "Tell me, Heaven!
> where now is justice when the holist gift,
> when genius and its immortality
> come not as a reward for fervent love,
> for abnegation, prayer and dogged labour—
> but light its radiance in the head of folly,
> of idle wantonness? . . ."

Mozart comes out later with:—

> "We are few,
> the chosen ones, the happy idlers, we

who have no use for what is merely useful,
who worship only beauty . . ."

Salieri then proceeds to poison Mozart so that he can admire his work with a better conscience. With Pushkin's shorter poems Mr. Nabokov is most successful in "The Upas Tree."

On Lermontov there is a translator's preface stating that he was a greater poet that Byron, which is nonsense. Either Mr Nabokov has not read "Don Juan" and such pieces as "So we'll go no more a roving," or his own translations do very much less than justice to his original. Byron never descended to the whimsicality of:—

"only the beautiful stars do I envy,
only to be in their place do I wish,"

though the Russian poet comes through better in "The Triple Dream," "The Sail," and "The Rock." Byron had strength as well as Romanticism and this strength seems neither to have been appreciated by Mr. Nabokov nor possessed by Lermontov or Yyutchev.

This last poet was in his day a quiet-tempered and lonely diplomat and his best work has the clear grace of his "Tears."

"Human tears. O the tears! you that flow
when life is begun—or half-gone,
tears unseen, tears unknown, you that none
can number or drain, you that run
like the streamlets of rain from the low
clouds of autumn, long before dawn . . ."

But as a whole the volume of the three poets does not come off as well as J. M. Cohen's translations from Boris Pasternak. Naturally a whole book devoted to one poet enables a fuller and fairer selection, but apart from this Pasternak is closer to our own time—he is in fact. still alive—and this to a modern reader brings a more vivid appreciation. Though the translations of Mr. Cohen are disfigured in places by a certain pedestrianism closely resembling prose chopped up, he does usually carry them through to *our own time,* which helps many of the poems to read well in English, Pasternak's earlier poems strike me as the most effective, "English Lessons" being one among several that come through strikingly as English poems.

"When Desdemona fell a-singing,
she had so little time to live—
not about love, her star, the sobs came springing
but t'was about a willow, willow tree.

When Desdemona fell a-singing,
her voice grew stronger as she sang
about a black day; and the blackest demon
made her a psalm of weeping willow beds.

And when Ophelia fell a-singing
she had so little time to live,
it swept and blew her spirit's utter dryness
like haywisps from the hayloft in the storm.

And when Ophelia fell a-singing
the bitterness of dreams made her so wild:
and with what trophies did she sink? An armful
of willow branches and of celandine.

Letting their passion fall from off their shoulders
like rags, they went with sinking hearts
into the pool of the universe, to silence
and to immerse their loving forms in worlds."

Elsewhere Pasternak has good clear imagery.

Sir Cecil Kisch's translations from Russian poets of the nineteenth century fall into a different category to the foregoing, for they are the occasional work of an accomplished amateur as compared with the professional versions of Mr. Nabokov and Mr. Cohen. Sir Cecil Kisch selects with care and keeps close to the meaning and metre of his original, but his translations as a whole unfortunately do not read well as English poems—they are full of unnatural inversions ("of hills and dykes we now are sated") and archaisms such as "tarry," "deem," or "crystalline." As well as lyrics from Pushkin, Lermontov, and Tyutchev, he includes work by Tolstoy, Turgenev, Nekrasov, Fet, Maikov, Nadson, and Apukhtin; but there is an unhappy monotony about his English style which makes it all read like the work of the same poet. He is perhaps at his happiest in Pushkin's "To A. P. Kern," Lermontov's "How lonely, how drear," Tyutchev's love poems, Tolstoy's "Do you remember, Mary," and "By chance, at the ball, in the welter," Fet's "At the Fireside," and Nadson's short epitaph.

THREE AMERICANS

Selected Poems by Ezra Pound (Faber, 12s. 6d.); *A Dream of Love* by William Carlos Williams (New Directions, 1 dollar 50 cents); *Red Wine and Yellow Hair* by Kenneth Patchen (2 dollars).

Reviewed by
G. S. FRASER

One might describe Pound's poems as documents in search of a hypothesis. They are like the notebook of a scholar engaged in a long research, to which only the fragments in the notebook give a clue; the idea that the scholar is groping after he carries in his head.

When the long poem on which Pound has been working for the last thirty years is finished (and he is at the last lap of it), we will be able to generalise about his drift. At the moment, probably the most we can say is that his poems, his translations, his prose works are all documentation for a theory of culture. Pound seems to be searching for the general conditions of cultural vitality, the general conditions of a society in which artists and other good workmen can breathe freely and get ahead with their jobs. His general method seems to be to note, satirically, what is dying in the present and, romantically, what is living in the past. There is no general label, however, that can be stuck on him. He is a traditionalist, but of an eclectic and pragmatic sort (he would like, so to say, to have Racine without Louis XIV). He is an innovator, but chiefly on a technical level. In his strong feeling for some aspects of the past, combined with his insistence that in manners, styles, fashions, we must always be "making it new", he is perhaps (in spite of all the years he has spent in Europe) essentially American. The constitution of the United States is, we sometimes forget, the *oldest* written document on whose principles any nation is governed. Its principles have now to be interpreted to suit conditions which are in many ways essentially different from those of the America of Washington. Similarly, Pound's favourite thinker is Confucius, who strove to adapt principles deriving from a primitive or legendary unity of Chinese society to an actual state of feudal anarchy.

Renovation, on which Pound is so keen, thus means for him, in one sense, restoration. And though he is such a keen technical innovator, he envisages (like Jefferson, or Confucius, or to some extent even like William Morris) the good society as a more or less static one, based on agriculture, handicrafts, and a gentlemanly kind of scholarship. He is very American, again, in having an exceedingly concrete mind. He rejects not only Christian theology but Platonic metaphysics; like Confucius, he feels that such ultimate questions should be postponed until we have set our human house in order (for the same sort of reason he would reject the

Hegelian metaphysics on which Marxism is based, and all kinds of general theories of history, Spengler's, Toynbee's, or Henry Adams's); the task of setting our house in order is a new one for every generation, and for its success it depends on a grasp of the skills and insights handed down from the past, and on a close attention to the confusing and discrepant *facts* of the situation. Pound might therefore be described, indifferently, as a conservative radical or a radical conservative. His notions are open to criticism, and on his own principles: I do not think he has paid enough attention to the confusing and discrepant conditions of change and organisation in an industrial society, or to the cultural problem that has arisen since the industrial revolution because a folk-culture is dead and education has not yet put a "popular culture" in its place. His notions, however, have their interest and relevance and it is silly to dismiss them simply by sticking the label "Fascist" on them. Pound, like most of us, wants a balance between order in the state and freedom for the individual, and his notions about how such a balance is to be achieved may be based on an unrepresentative selection of facts. Strong emotions and prejudices may often have darkened his counsel. But he is not a believer, for instance, in hereditary privilege; he is not obsessed with the will to power: indeed he dislikes Nietzche very much, and he has described the will to power as the most vulgar notion ever invented by a notable philosopher.

I feel these remarks are necessary to clear away some of the fantasies which have gathered round Pound's reputation since the war. It would be a pity if these fantasies prevented young poets from buying this new edition of *Selected Poems*, since Pound has more to teach us about the craftsmanship of verse than any other living poet. There are poets who have probed deeper or soared higher in our time, Eliot, Valery, Yeats; there are poets, like Pablo Neruda or Hart Crane, who have experimented in a more radical way with the connotative riches of language. But there is no poet with a more magnificent historical imagination than Pound, no poet who has brought such a variety of past worlds to life again for our time. There is the world of classical China, of enormous space scattered with tiny human elegiac landscapes, of open-air tables by country inns where scholarly friends, who have failed their examinations and are departing to dull and dangerous administrative jobs at remote barbarian frontiers, say good-bye to each other for the last time.

> Light rain is on the light dust.
> The willows of the inn-yard
> Will be growing greener and greener,
> But you, Sir, had better take wine ere your departure,
> For you will have no friends about you
> When you come to the gates of Go.

There is the quite different world of Provence, where the tawny rock and the blue air, the sharp, bare shapes, the heat and the shimmer, putting a fine edge on life, led to the invention of romantic love,

> She who could never live save through one person,
> She who could never speak save to one person,
> And all the rest of her a shifting change,
> A broken bundle of mirrors . . .

There is the world, terribly jaded and old compared to these two, of decaying Rome, where speech has the weight and compressed quality of fatigued, exacerbated passion,

> Here let thy clemancy, Persephone, hold firm,
> Do thou, Pluto, bring here no greater harshness,
> So many thousand beauties are gone down to Avernus,
> Ye might let one remain above with us . . .

And there are others, for which I have no space, including our own bitter world after the first World War,

> Charm, smiling at the good mouth,
> Quick eyes gone under the earth's lid.
>
> For two gross of broken statues,
> For a few thousand battered books.

No, Pound is not a writer whom we can afford to dispense with, even for the most high-toned political reasons . . .

I have left myself with little space for the other two books. Dr. Williams, who has a very high reputation in America, is an old friend of Pound's and a poet, one might say, of Pound's "school", though sharing now few of his opinions. It is his belief that Pound by digging himself up from his American background, by living too much in the past, has cut himself adrift from contemporary realities. His own play, which is in prose, but is poetic in its conception, certainly conveys something that Pound never has conveyed, the feeling of everyday American life. It has a strange kind of homely, almost folkish pathos. It shows a wonderfully alert ear for the cadences of living speech. Mr. Patchen is patchy: a poet of great talent and energy, but of almost no discipline, who intersperses rant and nonsense with passages of genuine poetic eloquence. He represents a kind of poetry (that of a free surrender to verbal compulsions) of which a little goes a long way.

MOO! MOO! OR YE OLDE NEWE AWARENESSE

Poetry of the Present. An Anthology of the Thirties and After. Edited by Geoffrey Grigson. Phœnix House, London. 10s. 6d.

Reviewed by

ROY CAMPBELL

In view of his long critical introduction which retrospectively covers his years of paramount influence as a critic and editor, we must first of all consider Mr. Grigson in his official role as a self-appointed one-man committee in charge of modern verse and criticism. We can understand the previous benevolent double-dictatorship of T. S. Eliot and Sir John Squire: but it would need more than a Lynskey Tribunal to find out in detail all the sinuous manœuvres of this phenomenon in making his little corner in literature, in a career as spectacular and inexplicable as that of Wulkan.

In my maiden debut, two numbers ago, as a poetry reviewer (to which ungentle trade I have been forced by a 60 per cent war-disability) I tried to show off my knowledge by enumerating all the forms of "Ye Olde Newness" (including "*New* Verse") which had contributed to making modern literature such a stereotyped, stale, and humdrum affair. Not only did I omit "New Directions", "The Newdigate Prize", Newbolt (Sir Henry), and Newnham: but the most important, the stalest, and the most hackneyed "Newness" of the lot—"*New Awareness*" without which, using it about twice on every page, it appears that no review of verse can be written. It was first used about forty years ago when in the "*New* Statesman" some sweet young thing was frantically praised for being semi-conscious of what he was trying to write about. After that, everybody used it irrespective of meaning. In my defence of Mr. Grigson I propose to show that it is entirely due to "new awarenesses" that he has got where he is. The frequent comparison of Mr. Grigson with Mr. Sidney Stanley can only hold if we compare them as omens and portents—amazing, incongruous, laughable; but it falls to pieces when we try to collate their methods. Mr. Stanley got on through utilising the stupidity of others. Poetry fans have always been stupid, and their stupidity would not account for Mr. Grigson. There has never been a Mr. Grigson before in the whole history of English literature. He has always fairly bristled with "new awarenesses" and can be relied on to develop a "new awareness" at every turn and corner to suit his personal safety, convenience, and peculiar

astuteness. It is this "new awareness" that has been his standby and that of his colleagues throughout the most cushy careers ever known to men of letters since trenchers and pillows were invented. His best "new awareness" (utilised by Mr. Spender on behalf of the Knife and Fork Brigade) was when, *at the outbreak of war*, he discovered that suffering was equally distributed through every walk of life. Previously only the Proletariat suffered, and New Verse writers harrowed us with the injustice of it.

Mr. Grigson is first and foremost a naturalist, a botanist, apart from being also a good business man. Now botany was in a pretty good way, at its very highest tide, and poetry at its very lowest ebb, when Mr. Grigson, apparently not being able quite to make the grade in nature-study, gate-crashed into literature. As his is not a very squeamish or sensitive nature, it was under his presidency that the poetry of "the thirties" became synonymous with cynical hypocrisy, poltroonery, greed, self-seeking, and the cowardly double-facedness of fire-eating egalitarians and peace-time belligerents, of which I gave examples recently in *The Poetry Review*. It was produced by poets who under the auspices of the Komintern and for the Left Wing Book Trade, farmed so lucratively and safely the social discontents of the time, the Spanish war, and eventually, the last war.

It is only in English literature that a confusion of values exists whereby natural history and poetry have tended to become subsidiary sidelines of each other. This was not because poets like Erasmus Darwin chose to formulate scientific theories in verse. Lucretius did that magnificently, and it only enriched literature. It was because at the approach of the Romantic movement the muses panicked into the backveld of the Lake district, and went completely "bamboo" losing all their hitherto polished urbanity, the inheritance of centuries of civilization.

It is, then, no wonder that for want of anything more human, they should fetch up with a few bug-hunters, fly-catchers, caterpillar-fiends, or experts on comestible spiders—especially when they happen to be good business men! Even a superb poet like Wordsworth achieved such a "one-ness with Nature" that whereas his inanimate mountains, rocks, and plants develop an almost intellectual power, his human beings are mostly fat-heads, half-wits, and simpletons. Mr. Grigson did not need to *achieve* any "one-ness" with nature. He was completely at home there, and quite natural from the start. When he is lecturing about comestible spiders or edible fungi, which some of them continue to farm in Unesco and other profitable rackets to this day, he keeps his balance. However prosy he is as a verse writer, he becomes almost lyrical when he is prosing about nature: and he has a genuine "oneness" and fellow-feeling for all the humbler forms of life such as insects and fungi. He has never (*as I have heard on the most reliable authority*) been known to

speak ill of earwigs, nor fall into any of his ferocious critical tantrums with the lesser forms of being: he writes of edible fungi with an almost mystical elation: and when speaking of caterpillars and butterflies he gets a far-away look in his *pince-nez* till the dim pupils of his eyes swim like forget-me-nots stewed in a mixture of Nestlé's milk and morning-dew. In referring on the wireless to his long role as a literary critic reviewer, in one of those rare seizures of sincerity that come to even the most astute, Mr. Grigson gave vent to a verminous confession: "Myself included—I am warning you that reviewers are parasites, tape-worms curled up inside literature: you cut a bit off, but it's no good, because they still go on living", etc. Mr. Grigson was forced to go so far in sincerity in order to get a stab in the back at another professional reviewer: but the "one-ness with nature" and the fellow-feeling for vermin are there all right. It is really only when he is dealing with creative artists that this otherwise amiable bird-watcher and fly-catcher becomes really frantically hysterical, loses his balance completely, and goes either berserk with envious hatred, or else tail-creeps to one in a grovelling ecstasy of hero worship (which is quite as embarrassing).

The secret of this lack of balance is to be found in his own attempts at creative work. He began very belatedly as a sort of Rip van Winkle imagist who suddenly turned up on parade twenty years after the las, of his squad had been dismissed. His verses were miniature fag-ends of naturalistic snapshots of corners of streets, civilian naafis, bits of cliffst and paddocks in the country:—a cat nosing a macaroon in a *café*; a dollop of cow-pat and a daisy; a bird, a mushroom, and perhaps a small piece of a cow, if you were lucky! For this sort of stuff, he began to botanise in real earnest, though involuntarily, for he collected so many botanical specimens in the shape of raspberries, that he had to develop a "*new* awareness" again, on the spot, and pretty quickly, out of sheer desperation—a *new* second-handness; and since the only other fellow he could imitate apart from the imagists was Sir John Squire, Squire it had to be! Listen to this, from the anthology under review:—

> Along the stream darkened over with trees
> They dug in the dark-blue mud
> And they dammed the stream, then ran with the flood,
> And schemed all day in the rainy trees,
> And the waterfall swelled,
> The tower knelled
> And they cut the shrubs down in their heavy green,
> The sky showing blue where the leaves had been . . .

That is sheer Georgian Poetry, Volume One, at its worst—Squire on

crutches, with hiccoughs! If it had been intended as a parody of that brilliant parodist it would have avenged many of his victims. This sort of stuff explains Mr. Grigson's hatred or grovelling adoration of imaginative, creative, dynamic writers like Dylan Thomas, Edith Sitwell, T. S. Eliot, George Barker, and others. For Mr. Grigson, poetically impotent, suffers all the rages and infatuations of a cuckold at his own keyhole if we may translate a literary predicament into a more homely metaphor: both his rage and infatuation are aroused by watching other people romping, frolicking, and performing feats with the Muses that he can't perform himself. His rage is often completely self-contradictory—at its worst it verges on abject hypocrisy, as when he attacked Miss Sitwell for writing of childbirth though she is childless: yet he is always writing about the War; and his own War-record is about as virginal as Miss Sitwell's contribution to the birth-rate. Anyway, amongst civilised communities virginity has always been venerated as being associated with sanctity, heroism, and creative powers—sufficient reason for Mr. Grigson to take offence at it. In view of his attacks on Dylan Thomas and Barker, it is laughable to see how much of their work he has had to scrounge in order to counter-balance the dead weight of the poets of whom he approves, including himself: and it is a sheer delight to read that part of his introduction where he tries to slur over his previous hatred and contempt for them by the most ingenious series of ambiguities it has ever been my joy to read. He reminds one of Disney's dog, Pluto, who, when "caught in the act", simultaneously tries to cringe, bite, snarl, smile, growl, lick the hand, whimper, bark, wag the tail, run away, remain, and come forward all at the same time. Anyway Thomas got off lightly compared with me: for my sins I aroused the opposite sort of feeling: and when Lewis, Yeats, Eliot, Graves, etc., were all in their prime, Mr. Grigson compared me to my English contemporaries as a great lordly bull amongst so many mere starveling beeves. (Moo! Moo!) If he had come tail-creeping to me in the middle of Piccadilly and there, in front of all the world, presented me with a nosegay of the most inedible, abominable, and noisome of his pet fungi, covered all over with swarms of comestible spiders, he could not have given me the willies nor embarrassed me worse! (Moo! Moo!) I had forcibly to scrape him off on his own nosegay as I did in the same *questionnaire* which Dylan Thomas answered with that unsuspecting nobility, charity, and kindness which characterise him, and which earned him on that occasion a nasty, envious, and treacherous bite from Mr. Grigson for his pains. My action in scraping Mr. Grigson off on his own nosegay gave him a buckshee bit of "new awareness' concerning myself which I hope he retains to this day. At any rate this will serve to show how completely unbalanced he is in his reactions.

In entitling his collection *Poetry of the Present,* with a face-saving modification *An Anthology of the Thirties, and After* printed in much smaller

letters lower down on the cover, Mr. Grigson again shows the same old "new awareness" which for the last twenty years we have come to associate with him and the Billy Bunter "School" of poetry to which he acted as the "bare-kneed captain" for so long: and by awareness I mean that uncanny sort of premonitory instinct for self-preservation, both in peace and war, which has animated the whole of this "school".

In the interests of protective colouring, as a naturalist, he had every reason not to call this anthology what it really *is,* that is to say: *New Verse, Old and New:* since about half the book is the original old *New Verse* which he himself edited between the wars: and whatever is new in it is (with few exceptions) written on the same old model. The *and After* in Mr. Grigson's modified sub-title is a bit of an overstatement: for though he avowedly limits the date of birth of his poets "of the present" to 1904, so as to exclude as many of his elders and betters as possible, such as Graves, Eliot, Lewis, Sassoon, the Sitwells, Aldington, Rickword, Plomer, and so on: he also unavowedly (with a couple of face-saving exceptions) imposes a birth-limit to exclude an even greater number of his youngers and betters who could wipe the floor with him. What he has done is to concentrate mainly on the comfortable little *New Verse* decade which his own birthday punctures somewhere safely on the target, if not with a bull at least with a magpie: and, to make up for the space denied to him by previous anthologists by allotting to his own work more than ten times the proportion of space that the most charitable of anthologists has ever to my knowledge accorded to him elsewhere: far more space than he accords to real poets like Empson, Keyes, Gascoyne and others, to any one of whom he compares as a semi-paralysed and frost-bitten bullfrog does to a thoroughbred race-horse; poets who would outstrip him by pages in the hands of a less passionately interested anthologist.

Mr. Grigson has a great deal to answer for to posterity, for it was under his somewhat tetchy dictatorship that English poetry sank to the lowest level of pusillanimity in its whole history—morally, technically and intellectually. Never was there such a dishonest discrepancy between what was written and what was really thought as in the decade represented by this anthology.

SHORTER REVIEWS

The Poetical Works of Shelley, selected with an Introduction by Morchard Bishop (Macdonald, 8s. 6d.); *Shelley's Major Poetry: The Fabric of a Vision*, by Carlos Baker (Oxford University Press, 25s.); *Keats, Shelley and Rome: An Illustrated Miscellany*, Compiled by Neville Rogers (Christopher Johnson, 7s. 6d.); *Wordsworth*, by Herbert Read (Faber and Faber, 15s.).

In a time like our own, when so many controversies swirl around the nature and status of the poet or artist, it is to be expected that the reputations of many from whom previous generations have derived their ideas of this nature, should be reviewed and revalued. Each generation assesses its literary ancestors in the light of the character with which it endures its contemporary poets. The figures of both Shelley and Keats have been emasculated for us by the Victorian insistence on the spirituality, the other-worldliness, of poets, just as that of Wordsworth has been dulled by an over-emphasis on moral didacticism.

Fortunately, the needs of our own generation have brought about a correction of these reputations. Shelley, who was in danger of disappearing into the misty azure like a lark with his almost soundless music, has been restored to the earth, and is found to be an active virile mind of wide intellectual capacity and philosophic depth. Wordsworth stands out more clearly in the modern understanding as a man driven by a ferocious internal conflict and the force of a barbaric passion. The image of a pale and loitering Keats is dispelled immediately by one look at the lovely death-mask reproduced in the Memorial Association's Miscellany, in which the strength of the wide mouth and finely moulded jaw reveal at once an athletic vigour and determination.

There is nothing aerial and unworldly about any of these men. Clearly they are among the most resolute and tough minds of an age, which, like ours, was extending the frontiers of psychological and scientific knowledge so rapidly that it took a pre-eminent intellect combined with a leaping imaginative intuition to cope with the implications for human life and development of the new knowledge.

Probably Shelley was endowed with as great an intellectual capacity as any of the so-called Romantics. His range of speculative ideas and interests was as wide as that of Coleridge. But his early classical studies seem to have suited exactly his temperamental affinities, while poor Coleridge's imagination was somehow cowed by the too masterful imposition of the Rev. James Bowyer ("a very sensible, though at the same time a very severe master"). Shelley's imagination grew independently,

assimilating all his studies to the organisation of his own developing personality, whose scope and richness is seen in the tremendous variety of theme and technique presented in his work. That it should be uneven is only to be expected of one whose natural pattern of thought was poetic. What we have is the sound-track of a mind growing with great rapidity and extending its speculations along all the lines opened up by contemporary philosophic, political and scientific thought. Where Coleridge by the formation of his mind was forced towards the construction of a system into which man could subsequently be fitted, Shelley started from man and set himself to readjust man's conception of his relations with his fellowmen, with his society, and ultimately with his known universe.

The philosophic journey, Professor Carlos Baker discusses with sufficient appreciation of Shelley's intellectual stature and an illumination of much of his classical imagery. What does not, I think, emerge is the extent of the poet's familiarity with the current ideas of his own time, and particularly his interest in the physical sciences. Shelley was too closely applied to the events of his world to allow his physics to get lost in metaphysics, although the profusion of his imagery, which, as Mr. Morchard Bishop points out in his admirable introductory essay, often ran away with him, may well confuse the reader into such a belief. One can never be too often reminded that he was not yet thirty, when he was drowned, and that the world then lost a mind only just coming into its full maturity.

For a study of the growth of that mind, Mr. Morchard Bishop's selection is excellently made and produced (though the omission of the *Revolt of Islam* in toto is a regrettable gap in the pattern, if unavoidable). And Professor Carlos Baker's study goes a long way towards readjusting our general conception of the poet upon a weightier scale.

The Keats Shelley Memorial Association too has produced a very attractive selection of distinguished marginatia, notable particularly for a balanced essay by the compiler, Neville Rogers on *Keats, Shelley and Rome*, and the inclusion of a brilliantly appropriate recollection of that fine soul, Lauro de Bosis, who preferred to nail his own youthful star to the sky, rather than wither inactive in the shame of Fascist tyranny.

Mr. Herbert Read's study, *Wordsworth*, first published in 1930 and now available again in a new edition, has already become an indispensible to the full understanding of that poet. This was the first critical work to take into account the newly revealed facts about Wordsworth's association with Annette Vallon, and Mr. Read in fact hinged his whole interpretation of Wordsworth's development upon that intimate relationship. In his new introduction he does something to adjust what appeared to many as an over-emphasis upon this particular emotional crisis. But after these last twenty years, and with the meticulous de Selincourt volumes for reference, no such over-emphasis appears, and indeed it is clear that Mr.

Read has performed a valuable service in illuminating the correlation between the emotional experience of a poet and his work. The one criticism which can be made is that this book is tantalisingly brief, as if too great a diffidence had prevented the author from pushing home his conclusions in wider reference to the works.

Of all these books it can be said that they help to reaffirm the importance of poetry and poets in our common life. The Victorian translation of poetry to the etherial belt has made the contemporary public only too ready to dismiss its practitioners as "ineffectual angels". The fact recorded in the Memorial Association's Miscellany that after the liberation of Rome, some fifteen thousand British soldiers visited the house in the Piazza di Spagua where Keats died, is heartening evidence of the change in that attitude.

RANDALL SWINGLER

The Course of Irish Verse. By Robert Farren. (Sheed and Ward, 8s. 6d.).

The Irish poetic revival, which came at the close of the last century, attracted considerable attention because of its imaginative freshness. Apart from Yeats, A.E., and Synge, there were younger poets, such as Seumas O'Sullivan, Padraic Colum, Joseph Campbell and James Stephens, each of them with a distinct and original note. The Celtic Twilight phase with its wavering rhythms and dim colours owed much to the Symbolist movement, but eventually the influence of traditional folk ballads and epic story proved stronger. Curiously enough the origins of the revival have remained in comparative obscurity, and Mr. Farren's book is the first attempt to show the subject in historical perspective.

Mr. Robert Farren is one of the best known of the younger Irish poets and as a critic he has a decided advantage over his elders, for he is a bi-lingual writer and has published a volume of short stories in Gaelic. His summary of Irish verse in the past is terse, shrewd and lively in its turns of speech, and he has a very definite viewpoint. He traces the distinctive quality of Irish poetry to folk tradition and to the gradual influence of the older Gaelic literature. In the eighteenth century writers such as Goldsmith, Swift, Parnell and Sheridan belonged mainly to English tradition, and it was among the ballad makers that we find the first stirrings of a native verse. In that century the country was still largely Irish-speaking and, as the English language slowly spread, folk poets who attempted to express themselves in that language instinctively used, to the best of their ability, the characteristic devices of Gaelic poetry. Thomas Moore discovered in Irish folk music that "delaying rhythm" which was to become so important an influence in the later revival and used it in a few of his lyrics: for example, in his allegory, *The Irish Peasant to his Mistress,*

Through grief and through danger thy smile hath cheered my way, and *At the mid-hour of night, when stars are weeping, I fly*. But James Clarence Mangen was the first poet to experiment deliberately in a new mode and, despite his limited knowledge of Gaelic, his adaptations and translations brought a new imaginative quality into verse. Sir Samuel Ferguson was a considerable scholar as well as a fine poet, but his work has been neglected, despite the fact that he was the veritable founder of the revival. Yeats discovered the "wandering" rhythm of his own early poetry in the translations of Ferguson and to them we owe the inspiration of that famous poem, *The Lake Isle of Innisfree*. A.E. used to say that the entire Celtic Twilight School sprang from one stanza in a little-known poem of Ferguson's, *The Fairy Thorn*:

> They're glancing through the glimmer of the quiet eve,
> Away in milky wavings of neck and ankle bare;
> The heavy-sliding stream in its sleepy song they leave,
> And the crags in the ghostly air.

But Mr. Farren has missed an interesting point about Ferguson. This Belfast poet might almost be claimed as a forerunner of the modernists, for in 1831 he wrote *The Forging of the Anchor*, a vigorous poem, in which the age of the Industrial Revolution is greeted for the first time.

Mr. Farren believes in Irish literary separatism, "not because it is separatism, but because it is the habit of all healthy nations". In these days of poetic standardisation imaginative diversity may well become an increasing need. In recent years the influence of modernism has spread in Ireland as elsewhere and even Yeats has been claimed as a tardy convert to that highly controversial movement. But Mr. Farren insists that poetry in Ireland, in view of its historical development, has its own particular problems, its own quiet circumstances. With the literary revival came a renewed interest in Gaelic poetry and the younger writers who follow tradition have a deeper knowledge of it than their elders. In *The Contemporary Review*, November, 1893, an essay by a little known Irish poet, William Larminie, was published and was called *The Development of English Metres*. In this essay the poet suggested the possibility of borrowing the assonantal patterns of Gaelic verse, but the idea attracted little attention. It was not until thirty years later that younger Irish poets followed his advice and his own tentative experiments. Mr. Farren devotes some of his later chapters to the work of F. R. Higgins, whose death at a comparatively early age was a considerable loss, and to present-day poets who are endeavouring to maintain the traditions of the literary revival despite the vagaries of fashion.

AUSTIN CLARKE

The Creative Experiment, by C. M. Bowra (Macmillan, 16s.).

The prestige of Professor Bowra and the selection of exotic poets about whom he writes make one feel *The Creative Experiment* is going to be an uphill job. The first chapter, however, dispels first fears. In it the author surveys the position of the modern poet. With admirable lucidity he describes how the concept of the beautiful subject was dropped by modern poets in the cause of a high standard of truth, an ideal of truth to emotion. With clear explanation, Professor Bowra prepares us—or so we imagine—to accept his poets in the light of relevant criticism

So far, very good! There is no strain, for one's own thoughts are ordered and assembled in a gracious manner. One is ready now for a brilliant book if not an abstruse one. Then the author introduces his poets: Constantine Cavafy, who lived in Alexandria until his death in 1933 and drew his inspiration from "the Glory that was Greece", Guillaume Apollinaire, who turned from the Symbolists' preoccupation with music to bring the values of modern painting to poetry, Vladimir Mayakovsky, who made the sentence a metrical unit with clauses falling into the parts of the metrical scheme, Boris Pasternak, who created a new myth for each new manifestation of natural powers, etc. But, in fact, the author does not so much examine the work of the poets as coach us for a minor examination. It takes some time, after the thought-filled introduction, to realise that it is happening—that the book has lapsed into a class-room drone.

It is no longer a question of how we can live up to *The Creative Experiment*, but why, unless we are bound by a student's obligations, we should struggle to live through it. Page after page is filled with prose exposition of a poem's story. Then, to our alarm, we find we are being crammed to answer that sly question: What moral would you draw from the poet's choice of theme? If, as a degenerate modern, one says it's a little much, one means, of course, that this is not enough.

The persistent may plod on with some sense of obligation, believing they ought to take any opportunity to learn more about men like Rafael Alberti; and they will be rewarded with occasional plums when the professor says in effect, "Now here's a good bit". Nevertheless, the last pretensions are blown abroad when the reader flounders on a chapter devoted to a familiar subject, our own T. S. Eliot. Surely the inclusion of this chapter is the author's ultimate error? A simple commentary on *The Waste Land*, with copious quotations, removes the last doubt. This book is, in bulk, a schoolmaster's professional patter. We could learn more about each exotic poet from one imaginative aphorism delivered with the authority of the writer of the first chapter.

OSWELL BLAKESTON

The Golden Nightingale: Essays on some Principles of Poetry in the Lyrics of William Butler Yeats, by Donald A. Stauffer (Macmillan, New York); *Life is the Flesh*, by Louise Townsend Nicholl (E. P. Dutton, New York); *Unseen Wings*, compiled by Stanton A. Coblentz (The Beechurst Press, New York).

In William Butler Yeats, *The Golden Nightingale*, by Donald A. Stauffers, Prof. at Princeton University, we meet a personality in which mysticism pervades. In a larger sense these essays concern all forms of art using Yeats as an example. Why are an artist's beliefs usually expressed in symbols and images? Prof. Stauffer speaks in an early chapter of Yeats as an Einstein in poetry, seeking for the single formula that will embrace and relate all imaginative phenomena. This is a book for students of poetry and philosophy not to miss.

From chapter four we quote "Yet what good does a poem do? Why bother with such a difficult thing at all—difficult to create, difficult to appreciate? Poetry has long been tugged by critics between its double ends of teaching and delighting. If teaching is the end, why not save energy by holding to pure philosophy or science? If delight is the end, why not avoid meaningful words and return if we can to the pure condition of music?"

The author of *Life is the Flesh*, Louise Townsend Nicholl, is Associate Editor with the distinguished publishing house of E. P. Dutton & Co. She is also poetry editor of the firm. With this introduction we are not surprised to find so beautiful a poem as the following:

I would die happiest in ardent light
With every petal of the life unfurled,
The sunlight drawing to its final height
My long intense alliance with the world.

Morning is all I want, the rapture lying
Abundant and immeasurably bright—
Reality so pure that even dying
Must wear the face of morning and of light.

Unseen Wings is a collection that any lover of good poetry would be glad to own. Mr. Coblentz is not only primarily a poet but the author of eight volumes of prose as well and the editor of four anthologies. Born in California, coming to New York in 1920 he became a free-lance writer. He has travelled widely throughout the Americas and Europe. He has now returned to his birthplace. Mr. Coblentz is a firm advocate of real poetry and not the modern expressions that pass as such.

ALICE HUNT BARTLETT

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Sir,

Will you please assure my readers that the mysterious "writhing" in the last line of my poem *The Chink* is the work of a printer's devil with a lisp. I wrote "rising", and should be obliged if you filled his mouth with soap.

Yours,

ROBERT GRAVES.

[We apologise to Mr. Graves, and repeat his poem in its correct text.—Ed.]

THE CHINK

ROBERT GRAVES

A sunbeam on the well-waxed oak,
  In shape resembling not at all
The ragged chink by which it broke
  Into this darkened hall,
  Swims round and golden over me,
  The sun's plenipotentiary.

So may my round love a chink find:
  With such address to break
Into your grief-occluded mind
  As you shall not mistake
But, rising, open to me for truth's sake.

Sir,

Mr. Howard Parsons (talking through his hat) refers to my "scathing remarks about rhyme and metre" when it is perfectly obvious from the context and from my own verse that I regard them as necessities when they are not ornaments : and that I regard Aldington as one of the few living authors who has discarded them without disaster. I regard them not only as necessities for verse-writers as a general rule, but also for letter-writers like Mr. Parsons, since if he had had to think for a minute in order to put his letter into rhyme, it might have occurred to him to find out what my article was about before replying to it.

Among other things, I recommended rhyme and metre as "a belly-band" for verse-writers who are verbally obese or tumescent. To letter-writers like Mr. Parsons, I recommend them as a HAT-BAND.

Yours,

ROY CAMPBELL.

Sir,

Throughout the last forty years there has been a tendency among literary eunuchs and poetical deaf-mutes to invent terms of disparagement for Byron.

I do not suggest that Mr. Randall Swingler belongs to this herd, but he is guilty of dragging Keats back into the arena with his peevish remark that Byron's emotions were "second hand".

In relation to Byron, it is surely time that the views of Keats were forgotten? The opinions of fifty Keats would not diminish the stature of Byron's genius by a fraction.

I would ask Mr. Swingler two questions:

(1) Is *Don Juan* second hand?

(2) Is *The Waste Land* first hand?

If the answer in each case is in the affirmative, then, By the Living God, let us hasten back to the second hand.

Yours,

H. L. Senior.

THE POETRY SOCIETY

Founded February 24, 1909 :: Incorporated June 18, 1923

APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP

To the General Secretary,
General Offices of The Poetry Society (Incorporated),
33 Portman Square, London, W.1.

I desire to be enrolled as a member; entrance fee and first annual subscription (22/6d.) enclosed herewith.

(*The Annual Subscription becomes due and renewable on the completion of one year from the date of joining. Cheques, etc., should be made payable to The Poetry Society.*)

Name .....

Address .....

.....

Date .....

THE 1948 GREENWOOD PRIZE : SECOND SELECTION

VISION OF THE TRIUMPH OF ANARCHY

BY

MAURICE CARPENTER

for Dylan Thomas

I am twelve years old, once more among the orchids
Walking in water valley. Grasses high
As my head are friendly, though a Caucasus
Of cloud is frowning, and the raucous cry
Of jay and starling crackles in the sky.
I am my atavistic avatar, munching
Beech nuts in my tree-top huts, annoying
Keepers, swinging, swinging down from branches
Lithe as a lemur morning that on its haunches

Squats. I, green ally, climbing from my tree,
Wake partridges, alarm clocks in the grass,
Or startle larks that streak into the sky
Upon a string of angry song. I pass
Grass snakes basking, look into the face
Of my green mother, see an adder, sunning
Her double diamond on a tuft. I race
The rabbit from that gaze, and then return.
Forked tooth or tongue I see her, hating, burning.

Walking in water valley where the stream
Is dead these centuries, the bee's mauve wings
Are poised for summer ever on the stem.
Their floral folded bodies are a single
Mosaic of petal. Pollen clings
Like Indian clubs to insects imitating
The orchid blossom. All that summer sings
Is ominous. The brooding mother waits
The crack of the year. All nature hammers at the gates.

Battalions of the beeches, gathering
In Viper's hollow fold luxuriant arms
In a green conference. The four weathers
Rustle within their leafy heads. The rooms
Of rooks and huts of doves are rumouring

The revolution. Rainbird and his mate
Mock us with yaffled laughter. Silver women
Shake out their emerald hair, their trumpets making
Shrill lamentation. The lazy hazels wake.

Black figures of the firemen, silhouetted
Against the crimson sky are piling pillows
Upon the roofs, and eiderdowns are wetted
Against the roaring anger in the valley.
Hoses are vipers tunnelling green alleys
Into the hills. What follows? What is this? The girl
Of water from her slender tower is spilled;
Her precious elixir released, and hurled
Shouting along the hollow, washing away the world.

Centaurus, Proteus, Naiad, Cyclades,
Theseus, Nene, Derwent, Emerald, Beryl,
Python and Mamba, Maenad, Leonides,
All gone: the Merlin, Gryphon and the Eagle
Clipped, o myth metal, monster with the evil
Breath, nimonic skeleton on the shelves and shores
Of history; gnawed thinner than a leaf by revelling
Green, tangled anarchy; the ancient whores
Of nature dance above, defying mathematic laws.

The hills have stepped apart. The Weald is under
A blank Atlantic flood. America
Is flagged upon the battleships. My windows
Are opened upon a foam of lynching faces.
The Hebrew Negro with a handkerchief
Of chalk is torn out of the soft hillside
As innocent water changes, and the leaf
Is steel and sticky. Now my dream is riding
Gadarene downwards to a common grief.

Wave breaks on the town. Chaos is made.
The bones of Odeons are lying under
The government of green, anarch of greed,
And all the smiling concrete sprouting slender
Tendons of iron are ripped asunder. Rhododendrons
Blaze on the sites of stations, rending rails.
All human is a ruin, all is ended
In rubble and rusty buses, tendrils trailing
Pavements proclaim an animal kingdom failed.

The tide of blood and the flood of green recedes.
The daughters of water are interned again.
The mother of fire returns her immaculate seed
To the sun. The tangled valley now is seen
Stripped bare. The roots are stone. No rain
Shall rattle on this land. Hawthorn and orchid
Are obsolete as engines, and the green
Alga of living promise is a mawkish
Slime on the valley's side, a beard on the chalk.

Beeches a boiling mile before me. I know
This vision of green anarchy has lain
Long in the carcase of my childhood. Now
From the compost of this age it has sprung again
Terrible on these hills. The world has grown
No older than I in my murky infancy,
And I no more mature, walking alone
Into the mines of childhood fantasy.
The tower looks out across the shadowy valley.

Coming to Cripples Corner I see the hollow
Generations like twisted trees lifting
Their arms in supplication, their yellow
Fingers dropping one by one, and drifting
Across the eternal valley like the gifts
Of the Prince of Cerne, whose chalky phallus climbs
The wind with a club of thunder. Now the stiff
Tendons of childhood, whose cross-country limbs
Ached on these hills, remind me of those times,
And promise others, when this green shall heal the rift.

SOME ASPECTS OF CONTEMPORARY LOVE LYRICS

Decision and Comments on the Love-Lyric Competition

What is most essential in a love-lyric today? Passion, tenderness, exaltation; sensuous beauty or sentimental charm? Erotic emotion, most fundamental, springs from humanity's procreative urge. Since dawn-grey of consciousness, erotic moods have evolved their phases, sensual, passionate, pensive, sentimental, interpenetrating. For countless ages, innumerable poems have expressed love's urgency or exultation, praised the beloved, extolled qualities and charms, sought similes, metaphors, images and symbols for love's varied moods. However subjectively significant for the poet, therefore, much modern lyricism is menaced by platitude, through precedent associations, objectively seen. The range of unexplored theme-variants and verbal media has grown relatively circumscribed, in this sense. No matter how especial—in varying degrees—everyone's love-realization personally may appear, the attainment of correspondingly unique quality of feeling and thought in expression-form is more unusual. Authenticity and acuteness of feeling, appositeness of form, do not suffice. Still less does the tedious, nymphomaniac or narcissan cataloguing of quite commonplace biological processes and physiological reactions considered daringly modern in the contemporary mental suburbs of Parnassus. Imaginative individuality of conception; relative originality of expression; sensitivity in shaping verbal media; these appear as dominant factors in determining the distinctive values of love lyrics today.

By such criteria, the competitive contributions which follow have been selected, in the order presented, award going to the first. The comments indicate why, the poems preceding these in full.

Before proceeding to these, it must be said that many sensitive and delicately-wrought entries were received. Among these, several must be mentioned. Much above the conventional pathos of lost love is the enduring spiritual constancy transcending bereavement poignantly expressed in Margaret Edwards' "Star-Comfort". Those who have endured the life-in-death of war-prisoner internment will be stirred acutely by its symbolism, recalling isolation from normal human contacts, where only some remote starry point in the firmament spanning separation remained a visible medium of spiritual communion. Its tender certitude, transfiguring sadness, makes this a moving poem. Serenity is not usual in love lyrics. When these transcend too the frequent superficial sensuousness or sentimentality—often bathos—in amorous verse to-day, passionate urgency of erotic emotion, or pathos of grief, are more prevalent. Devotion

ascends to devoutness in A. de C. Chapman's "Fulfilment"; but transfigured tenderness declines disappointingly into trite abstraction—"Utmost sense in harmony with truth". This spoils the initial mood of personal absorption: "I love you in the quiet ways of life, where simple things create a sense of peace". The indignity and indecency of modern mass-vulgarity, the merciless spiritual laceration of identity by the pin-pricking multitude of contemporary urban herd-life in our day of much social reform and little individual improvement, is well expressed in Cicely Mead's "Flight". The quivering ache for seclusion to love beautifully is effectively poised against the banal features of cafeteria background. Modern momentum synchronizing with passion's pulse, creates vivid imagery in Terence Heywood's "Night Drive"; but some extravagance of statement mars this, as does some straining after picturesque metaphor: "And O, what happiness is hatched from the egg-like contour of her face". Like Else Lasker-Schueler, Doris Major, in her "Love-Song", echoes something of a sapphic answer to The Song of Songs expressed in colourful imagery and delicate cadences. So does, with more vehemence, the sensual impetus rising to overtones of raptness of Sheila Brammer in her untitled lyric commencing: "I who understand only what my blood tells me". Rich sonorities build the high-vaulted architectonic of Raymund Bourne's classical idiom in "Immortal Love": but these resolve into commonplace chords with such stereotyped conventionalisms as "ambrosial meads" and "cerulean skies". The introvert nostalgia which thwarts much modern love-life, desire in love with desiring, repelled by fulfilment, typically transatlantic in femininity, has sensitive expression in Giralda Forbes' "Honeymoon in Miami". In piquant contrast, somewhat, if charmingly, mannered, in folksong mood, is Margaret Ingram's "O was it sweet to love me". Here not revulsion, but caprice, makes sensuous feeling oscillate between erotic moods and those of the changing seasons. Self-negation, subtly differentiated from abnegation, to be the more absorbed in and identified with, the beloved, find tender and delicate expression in Frederika Blankner's "Triptych for Eden" (Heloise to Abelard).

(1)

THE RUNNING OF THE DEER

The quick and the dead run fast
shadow outpacing shadow,
through the dark wood of my heart,
to deer leap and water meadow,
to sun and the spring valley.

Shading my eyes from that distance
I watch the deer running
shoulder to shoulder, misted
by the length of remembrance
and the mind's habit of cunning.

As at a ghostly horn
the first ghost turns his head
and turns my heart again
with that remembered tread
and the swinging antlers.

The other will not turn
(he is too long a ghost)
at my thin-winding horn,
but run for the spring valley
and the rising of the sun;

O first loved and first lost,
I had forgotten your shadow,
and now across the meadow
you leap with your fellow ghost
turning your head to look—
and my heart leaps from the book
at your likeness and its shadow.

ELISABETH CLUER

Erotic emotion permeates the world of dream fantasy where strangely ramifying, shadowy tracts attract psychological exploration. Phantasmal apparitions and wraiths mingle there with clearer, more tangible, sometimes luminous images. Yet these seldom emerge wholly from half-lights. Though vague, entrancing echoes penetrate there, from Land of Heart's Desire, Country of the Ever-Living, Hy-Brazil, most of that region is territory of the Lost Folk, the Never-Never Land.

Of such haunted country is the imagery of Elisabeth Cluer's darkwood of running deer. It limns brooding landscape moods of half-forgotten foregone desires. Only brief instants do rifts of shimmering light pierce its tangled screen of sombre foliage, dapple with poignant patches of radiance its sere verdure. Elusive half-creatures inhabit its glades, their genealogy tracing back dimly to transmigrating souls of an immemorially remote druidic pantheism. Beings once beloved assume creature semblances, akin to the metamorphosis pervading Celtic mythology. It is a region spell-bound by ever-returning spectres of transiently obscured, nostalgic memories.

Momentarily alert to dark enchantment's presence, the poet hesitates on the verges of her sensitivity, apprehensive lest her mental being prove fantasy substance, or dormant emotion, aroused, lure her across the shadowy boundary to abide captive, restlessly questing along the ghost-grey ways of Willow-Wood.

For, despite the poem's pictured action, its essence is that of introspection. It ends, not in passion's exuberance, but in retrospective musing stirred by a distant swelling and sinking of memory which carries the moving pathos of its close.

The literary substance is occasionally unequal to the imaginative spirit. Interspersed rhyme-devices harmonize and modulate line-flow; but it remains essentially free verse, its design framed in variably-moulded metre. In line-scansion conforming easily to such design, the uncomfortable line-terminal, "misted" (verse 2), arrests graphically-imaged mobility. Word-repetitions dull effective verbal colour. "Shadow" and "meadow", first-verse assonances reiterated (last verse) do not vindicate themselves in effect. "Ghostly" (verse 3) followed by "ghost", next line, weakens imagery. More picturesque impression, better sound, might have been:

> "As at a spectral horn
> the first ghost turns his head".

Acceptedly lyrical mood, matter and mould are somewhat negated. Despite imaged mobility, some lack of rhythmic variety mitigates against lyricism's essential musicality, the quality of song. Comparative flaws, given importance by the poem's qualities, these require criticism. Yet, all said, Elisabeth Cluer has created a striking love poem, imaginatively original, graphically picturesque in imagery, touchingly poignant in the fantasy-sublimated isolation of its emotion.

(2)

AFTER THE OFFICE

At the evening hour
when cold creeps about ankles, hides under footsoles,
and lost walkers
and last walkers
are a sound only or only a deeper shadow
wearing with icy bravado a jaunt-feather of frosty breath
to prove they live;
at the hour of icicled air's nocturnalities,
I remember your noon of arms.

At the going home
to chance lodgings become habitual,
past the trusts relying on stone, concrete, steel,
bronze safes the written word, the signature, the lawyer's stamp,
and all the giant distrustful securities of the city;

in the winter evening
while hens huffle featherspread together in quiet country coops,
and only the fox burns slinking in night and the torch on the waters
raising the unwary fish;
at the hour of thieves;

I remember the Christconsoling of your embrace,
the firm frail hope of flesh,

and under the great arch of stations
in the sour smell of steam,
from night's arch immense
hang like a lamp from an invisible wire,
trust to that tenuous fidelity of the soul
(as the stars in the stations of the east)
and burn brightly!

ROLAND HARRIS

Arresting graphic imagery does not submerge an essential emotional state, of more persistent kind than transient, sensatorily-induced mood but throws it up in clear, almost luminous relief. Posited against a scenic background of drab everyday, the feeling expressed is not commonplace. Discounting some mannerisms, modernity of idiom produces a sense of reality. Familiar features used as motives in the pattern, make more direct the human appeal of atmosphere and moods which they evoke. Dreary reality assumes a design invested with fantasy.

Mannered lapses reduce such fantasy at moments to the self-consciously fantastical, mar the poem's poignancy by preciousness:

"At the hour of icicled *nocturnalities*
I remember your *noon of arms*",

and

"I remember the *Christconsoling* of your embrace,
the firm *frailhope* of flesh".

Such verbal idiosyncrasies are inverted pedantry, invitiating the vital force of iconoclasm. Too-literary premeditation obstructs spontaniety, dulls impact with reality felt elsewhere.

At times, also, imagery declines to catalogued documentation, recalling Whitman's tedious, rhetorical lists of items:

"At the going home
to chance lodgings become habitual,
past *the trusts relying on stone, concrete, steel;*
bronze safes, the written word, the signature, the lawyer's stamp,
and all the giant distrustful securities of the city".

After the drab loneliness of the first two lines, emotional in comparative reticence, those following decline into dull factualism, undistinguished in ideology. Starker images would be more impressive, less disturbing to the graphic consistency of the scenic design.

Balance is restored in the next verse, where lonely mood is accentuated by picturesque nostalgia. The single line following, rightly separated, both in dramatic feeling and textual significance, creates a thought-bridge to the accentuated, if more ideological, nostalgia of the Christ-symbol. Here, however, enters that curious quasi-mysticism, confusing erotic with religious feeling, which marks much verse to-day. It traces to the spiritual isolation of contemporary urbanism. City medley jangles nerves, creates neurosis disrupting emotional consciousness, merging and confusing emotional planes. Isolation breeds introversion; the egocentric image becomes the dominant motive of the cosmos. Humanity, however, is gregarious; hence the egocentric introvert inevitably develops a state of frustration. Unsatisfied—indeed, unsatisfiable—yearning for communion appears betrayal by life. Existence grows morbidly agonized. Swift transition to symbolization by Gethsemane, crucifixion, transfiguration, follows.

Roland Harris' poem would have been better integrated, more intrinsic in spiritual substance, had it avoided such facile, stereotyped symbolism and adhered to the innately personal, mystical awareness permeating the final verse. Here, only a conventional poetic inversion—"night's arch immense", instead of "night's immense arch"; and a repetitive use of "arch", where "dome" might have been substituted—mar graphic directness and moving appeal.

(3)

DEMON SONG

O come, my love; I am forlorn without you;
Why do you wait?
Does not my voice cry in the air about you,
Most desolate?

Hooded with mist and cloaked with shrivelled heather
The high moors stand;
I walk alone the path we walked together,
Hand in warm hand.

About the sleeping hill-farms dogs are barking
And none know why;
And in the hooded moor a red grouse waking
Cries its strange cry.

I am the furtive mist, the pine tree tapping
Your windowpane;
I am the little sound of water lapping
and the quiet rain.

Why do you wait? My many voices call you,
My branches wave;
Is it the lapping waters that appal you,
The unhallowed grave?

However blest the ground where you were lying,
However deep,
Still would my voices find you; living, dying,
You shall not sleep.

Then lest my cobweb hands should tear asunder
Your house of stone,
O come to me, my love, that I may wander
No more alone.

DOROTHY SPRING

Magic will endure so long as remote stars weave ambient circles in slow, nocturnal sarabandes around the earth; or monstrous drums thunder, as dark, turbulent tides reach white-clawed arms to the great crystal lunar globe. While whirling winds wail over waters, sinister trees tremble and sway in unearthly turmoil, Walpurgis wizardry will wreak dread work on human nerves. With dark of the moon comes resurgent primal necromancy. Dormant submerged instincts incant sorceries, stir sense and spirit to seek sacrifices, in barbaric swamps or back-streets. Beasts, in jungles and men's hearts, slink out from shadows to devour prey. Midsummer sets flame to amorous desires and Beltane fires of solar rites alike. Sun-heated blood courses faster, inspires wanton moods. Scent of mingled bloom spreads enchantment in the air and the spirit is spell-bound. It is the time of witcheries.

The realm of magic belongs to the world of Romance. Romanticism, initially a vernal manifestation, springing in sunlight, blossoming in meridional regions, is essentially fantasy. Its Springtide singers, such as Charles d'Orleans, set the pattern of fanciful imagery:

"The year has cast its sombre mantle
of wind, chill gloom and rain-swept night,

and is invested now with broidered raiment
of radiant sunshine, clear and bright".

In such fantasy, born of sensatory enchantment, always lurks the lure of visionary dreams, sanctuary of hyper-sensitivity. Romanticism offers escape from reality, imaginative satisfaction for latent, deep-seated instinctive urges. Rationalized civilization has gradually circumscribed the range of fancy, yet without adequately integrating the operation of intellect and instinct. Hence thwarted instinct assumes strange forms and in the flight from unindurable factuality, Romance always develops its phases of morbidity, culminating in the cult of the macabre. Primal forces stir the daemon; their indefinite magnitude takes on fantastic semblances, amid which the human mind, absorbing their power free of all accepted codes, attains ecstasies of triumph and terror. Such phases always commence in periods when intangible group-forces shadow life with myopic dread, immeasurably exceeding the insecurity arising from day-to-day shrinkings before the problems of earning and expenditure. Then the demons return. At such times, bewildered and unitiate youth flies to romantic fantasy, at first in glamorous enchantment, then, as incomprehensible fact crushes in on this, in speculative, fascinated dread. Both forms of romantic fantasy grow evermore apparent to-day. The fantasy-thriller has become a prominent feature of the films, catering for such youth. Romantic trends are definite features of the arts to-day.

Dorothy Spring presents an imaginative aspect of such romantic elements. Her demon lover woos from a phantom world of the feminine mind, nascently aware of strange impulses and desires stirring. The potency of these creates the image of his intangible, demoniac power. His voice is in all things, because awakened womanhood, seeking commensurable correspondence to the manifold turns of erotic yearning, projects an entity, an objective for this, exceeding human ones. The haunting pursuit of tangled impulses causes mental flight to defences which he assaults. Her poem expresses at once the spirit of womanhood's vernal awakening, dream-desire and dream-dread mingled, blended with the magical imagery of the youth of legend, drama and poetry which is folklore.

LEIGH HENRY

ANNOUNCEMENTS

The following subscribers to the Fund inaugurated on the occasion of the retirement of Mr. Galloway Kyle, formerly Director of the Poetry Society, are acknowledged, in addition to the list of names published in previous issues of *The Poetry Review:*

Mrs. A. G. Harris, Miss A. M. Hickey, Howard Parsons, Marie Tello Phillips.

THE POETRY SOCIETY : ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

The Annual General Meeting of the Poetry Society was held at 33 Portman Square, W.1, on May 12th, 1949.

Apologies for absence were received from Mr. E. Guy Pertwee and Miss Rene Cohen.

The Minutes of the previous meeting which had been printed in an issue of *The Poetry Review* were confirmed and signed as correct.

The President after paying tribute to the services of the Hon. Treasurer, called upon him to present the Balance Sheet and Accounts for 1948. The Hon. Treasurer read the financial report which had been distributed together with a copy of the Balance Sheet and formally presented the Statement of Accounts up to December 1948. This was seconded by Mr. Armstrong and carried unanimously.

The Hon. Treasurer said that he had warmly acknowledged the Auditors in his report and moved that the firm of Messrs. Godwin and Taylor be appointed as Auditors for the coming year at a fee of eighty guineas. The motion was seconded by Dr. Leigh Henry, and carried.

The President gave a wide *résumé* of the activities of the Society during 1948 in the fields of the Auditions, *The Poetry Review* and the necessary and intensified drive for new subscriptions.

Dr. Marie Stopes spoke on her Motion, copies of which had been distributed, regarding suggested modifications of the Articles of Association of the Society as set out in Clause 16. The Hon. Treasurer proposed that an amendment be added to Dr. Marie Stopes' Motion. This was seconded by Dr. Leigh Henry and Mr. A. V. Burbury, and carried. The amendment was as follows: that the whole of the material contained in the Dr. Stopes' Motion should be referred to a Constitutional Sub-Committee to be set up by the General Council at its first meeting.

List of the nominees for election to the General Council were distributed and on the proposal of the President, it was agreed to limit the number of members of the General Council to the twenty receiving the highest number of votes. A card vote was taken and the voting papers were handed to the Auditors of the Society for counting and checking. In due course the President announced the results of the election of members to the General Council.

Mr. H. E. Langston moved a vote of thanks to the President and Hon. Treasurer and members of the retiring Council for their work on behalf of the Society and the splendid results achieved during the past year.

THE POETRY HOUR AT 33 PORTMAN SQUARE, W.1.

The New Series of 6.15 p.m. Friday Readings will start again in early September.

THE BUCKINGHAMSHIRE POETRY CENTRE

September 10th—3.0 p.m.—*Poems on Rogues, Saints and Rebels.* Miss E. D. Bangay, Tilehurst Cottage, Hemel Hempstead Road, Chesham 387.

THE CHELSEA POETRY CIRCLE

(Affiliated to the Poetry Society. Formed 1946)

President: Dame Sybil Thorndike

Vice-President: Miss Margaret Rawlings

Informal poetry readings are held each month in members' homes; the main object being to encourage the love of poetry by readings and public recitals. Those wishing to join, please apply to: Hon. Sec., John E. Carroll, 5 Redesdale Street, S.W.3.

THE ST. PETERSBURG (U.S.A.) CENTRE

(Formed 1946)

National President: Marie Tello Phillips

State President: Pearl Safford

Informal weekly conferences have been continuing throughout the spring and summer, members working on preparation of Book Manuscripts to be submitted to *Poetry Awards*, Pasadena, California.

THE POETRY SOCIETY OF WINNIPEG

The Poetry Society of Winnipeg recently concluded a season's programme dealing exclusively with Shakespeare. The programme of the present season deals with "Fifty Years of Poetry: 1899-1949".

Will anyone able and willing to start a Centre in any part of the country please communicate with the Secretary, 33 Portman Square, London, W.1.

THE POETRY SOCIETY'S AUDITIONS AND EXAMINATIONS

The Poetry Society has conducted auditions and examinations in the art of verse-speaking for many years, and its success in this valuable cultural activity is attested by the fact that the number of schools and institutions in all parts of England which the Society examines, continually increases.

Junior preliminary examinations are available for the youngest children and these continue through various grades, up to the final test for adult students, for which the Society's gold medal is the final award for success.

General regulations governing these auditions may be obtained on application to The Registrar, 33 Portman Square, London, W.1, with whom arrangements can be made for auditions for schools, colleges, or private individuals.

THE GREENWOOD COMPETITIONS FOR 1949

The Poetry Society is empowered by the executors of the late Mrs. Julia Wickham Greenwood to offer the sum of £20 as the Shirley Carter Greenwood Prize for the best single poem in open competition.

Entries should be addressed "The Greenwood Prize", 33 Portman Square, London, W.1. Only one poem may be submitted by any one competitor, the length not to exceed 250 lines; no previously published poem may be entered. The full name and address of the author must be given and a stamped addressed envelope enclosed if return of the poem is desired. If a nom-de-plume is adopted, name and address of sender must be given in a closed envelope bearing the pseudonym. The winning poem will be printed in *The Poetry Review* and may be reprinted at the discretion of the Editor, who may also reserve near winners for publication in *The Poetry Review*.

Closing date is 31st December, 1949.

THE PREMIUM COMPETITION

The above competition continues as before with the offer of £10 in prize money which may be won outright by a single competitor or may be divided at the discretion of the Premium Adjudicator. An entrance fee of 2s. 6d. will be charged, and a stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed if a receipt is desired. Competitors must observe the following rules:

1. One poem only may be entered by each competitor.
2. The poem must be typed and no stamped addressed envelope will be required unless a receipt is desired. (See Rule 3.)
3. Competitors must retain copies of their poems, as none can be returned.
4. Entries must be addressed "Premium Competition", *The Poetry Review*, 33 Portman Square, W.1.
5. Each poem must bear the author's name and address.
6. Entrants must be members of the Poetry Society or regular subscribers to *The Poetry Review*.
7. The winner of a full Premium or one who has shared the prize twice will not be eligible for re-entry for twelve months.
8. No previously published poem may be entered.

The closing date for the next Premium Competition will be 15th September, 1949.

THE HOWARD PARSONS EPIGRAM COMPETITION

The Poetry Society is empowered by Mr. Howard Parsons, a long-standing member of the Society, to offer the following prizes, endowed by him for an Epigram Competition.

1st prize, 5 guineas; 2nd prize, 2 guineas; 3rd prize, 1 guinea. Entries which should not have been previously published should be marked "Epigram" and should not bear a stamped addressed envelope, as MSS. cannot be returned. They should be addressed to The Poetry Society, 33 Portman Square, London, W.1, to reach here not later than 1st March, 1950. The Society reserves the right to extend the closing date of the competition should none of the entries reach the required standard.

THE POETRY SOCIETY JUNIOR VERSE COMPETITION

The Poetry Society have pleasure in announcing an annual Junior Verse Competition. Schools throughout the country are invited to co-operate in submitting the work of their pupils.

The Competition will be divided into two classes:

(*a*) Not more than one poem, previously unpublished, to be submitted by any one competitor, age up to thirteen years last birthday. There will be a book prize inscribed by the Poetry Society.

(*b*) Not more than one poem, previously unpublished, to be submitted by any one competitor, age from fourteen to seventeen years last birthday. There will be a book prize, inscribed by the Poetry Society and four additional prizes of one year's Membership to the Poetry Society.

The poem may be on any subject. Closing date, 30th June, 1950. Entries to be addressed to: The Junior Verse Competition, 33 Portman Square, London, W.1. Entries should bear the names and addresses of competitors and copies should be retained as these cannot be returned.

THE LORD ALFRED DOUGLAS SONNET COMPETITION FOR 1950

The Poetry Society has the pleasure of announcing the fourth Annual Competition in memory of Lord Alfred Douglas for a sonnet upon any subject. One of the two forms adopted by Lord Alfred Douglas in his sonnets, must be used; these are:

For the Octave — 1, 2, 2, 1; 1, 2, 2, 1

For the Sextet — 3, 4, 5; 3, 4, 5 *or* 3, 4; 3, 4; 3, 4

The prize of £10 may be divided at the discretion of the adjudicator; the winning poem or poems will be published with the award in *The Poetry Review*. Competitors must retain copies of their poems as these cannot be returned. The sonnets should bear a definite title and not merely marked "Sonnet". Not more than two sonnets may be submitted by each competitor by 30th June, 1950. Address "Sonnet Competition", The Poetry Society, 33 Portman Square, London, W.1. Entries should bear names and addresses of competitors. No previously published poem may be entered.

POEMS OF PLACE COMPETITION FOR 1950

Mrs. A. Dorothy Holmes, a Shropshire member of The Poetry Society, offers £10 annually in competition for poems of place. Competitors who must be members of The Poetry Society, may submit not more than two poems, previously unpublished, of not more than 100 lines. All entries should be typewritten and bear the name and address of the author; poems should be addressed to "The Holmes Prize", The Poetry Society, 33 Portman Square, London, W.1, not later than 1st April, 1950. The judges may divide the prize money at their discretion, and the winning poem or poems may be published in *The Poetry Review*. Competitors are asked to keep copies of their entries as these cannot be returned.

THE POETRY SOCIETY'S CRITICAL SERVICE

The Poetry Society has pleasure in announcing the continuance of its Critical Service. Two poems only may be submitted for criticism, for a minimum fee of 5s. The charge for the criticism of each additional poem is 2s. It is particularly requested that all poems submitted should be typed and that a stamped addressed envelope be enclosed.